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THE SPHERE, JANUARY 7, 1939
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THE SPHERE

Vol. CLVI No. 2033 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC JANUARY 7 1939

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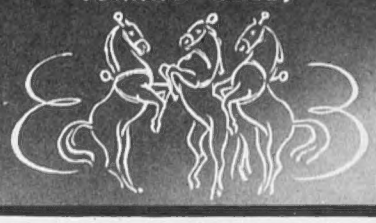

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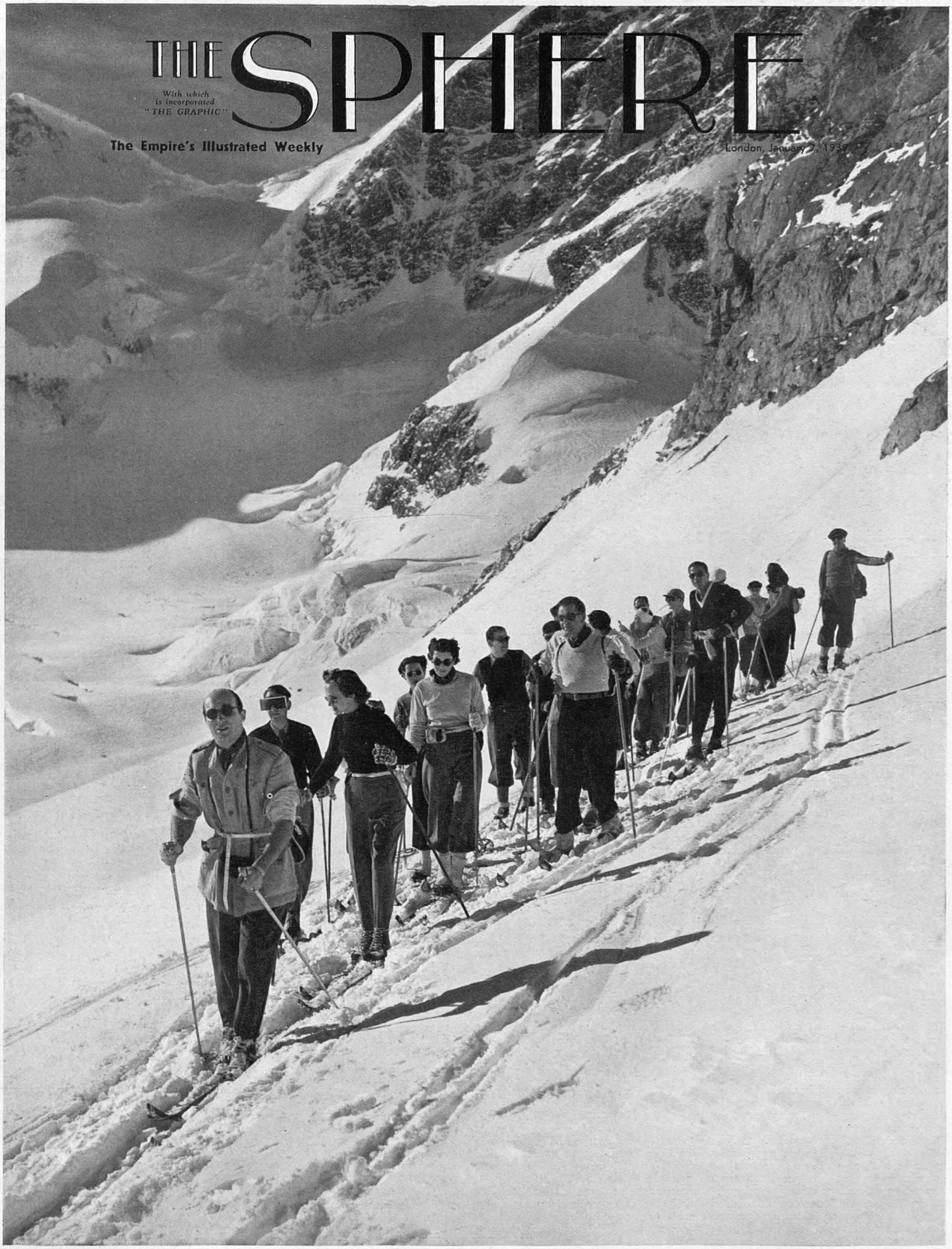


WINTER SPORT ON EUROPE'S ROOF

A Party of Skiers from Wengen and Scheidegg Making an Excursion to the Jungfraujoch

Snow is piled high in the streets of St. Moritz, while round Adelboden, Andermatt, Davos, Grindelwald, Mürren, Villars, Wengen, Zermatt, and most of the other big resorts ski-ing conditions are excellent, so it is little wonder that each day sees fresh departures from London and there is every indication that Switzerland is in the midst of a bumper winter sports season. Some 20,000 ski-ing enthusiasts arrived in the Alps last week-end, by far the largest proportion being British. The Cresta Run is already open from the top, whereas usually it opens section by section, and as the course has been made rather faster the expert riders have been looking forward to the opportunity of setting up record times. Among the noted visitors to St. Moritz are Prince Andrew, Princess Aspasia, and Princess Alexandra—members of the Greek Royal Family

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

THE FIRST BABIES OF 1939 face the camera at Queen Charlotte's Hospital where they were born on January 1 and ushered in, let us hope, a less hectic year. Two were boys and three were girls

32–34 ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C. 4
Wednesday, January 4, 1939.

1939. THE YEAR OF FATE?

—What is it to bring us? Has the long snow and frost killed, as we hope they have killed in the soil, some of the germs and pests that poisoned our lives last year? Has the kindly spirit of Christmas done anything to turn the hearts of men from the bitter insults and recriminations between nations which made of 1938 one of the years of deepest shame and indignity and bitterest memory in the history of our civilisation? Of Gayda and Goebbels and the rest, I will not speak. World opinion will judge them for their share in the guilt of the past year. Of our own country it is easier to speak, for those who have erred have erred with less excuse. Our tradition of dignity has remained unbroken by political and economic upheavals. It has been broken by the frailty of men. It is not the Press that merits chief criticism. It is assuredly the politicians. A reaction against the mischievous babbling of some of them is surely setting in. South Africa, for instance, has bitterly resented some questions asked in the House concerning one of their representatives. In the view of many of us, a section of the House of Commons is nothing but a tiresome, mischievous and dangerous bunch of monkeys, who, with very inferior ability, seek to impress their cleverness and zeal on their constituents by firing off strings of awkward questions on contentious or confidential subjects without a thought for the embarrassment they cause to ministers or the damage they do to Government policy. For ex-ministers there is even less excuse. They at least have average ability. The one hope for 1939 seems to lie in the possibility of a reaction against this undignified and dangerous mud-slinging and mischief-making.

AMERICA.—It will be interesting to see how the relations of America with Germany develop. The tension may be relaxed by a gesture of "submission" on the part of Germany, but that sort of gesture seems the last thing possible from a dictator. He must bully and bluster on until he admits defeat by superior force. It is his métier and his vicious circle. It is not likely to come from America alone. America is still comfortably remote from German striking distance. The trenchant comments of her public men were by no means mud-slinging. They were strong and quite dignified expressions of the overwhelming opinion of the States anent dictator methods and brutalities. Mr. Gram Swing called them "Acts." It is the right word. They were impulses stronger than a mere gesture or hint. They did something to repair the broken base of the ideal of liberty and democracy, which was tottering on its pediment. We have every reason to be grateful to America for a clear lead and a firm stand, and it is to be hoped, while we watch developments, that this country and France will at least attempt to imitate her in such dignified and confident and courageous "Acts." There can be no "League of Sane Nations" created until public opinion concerning diplomatic and political brutality and barbarity has been marshalled and aligned and organised.

"OLD-FASHIONED" WINTER.—A cold snap shows us all up. We bank on our blessings and do all too little to guard against misfortunes. In towns and remote country alike a freeze-up and heavy snow are unmitigated nuisances. The plumbing in houses, modern or old, is still primitive and science has seemingly advanced no whit to a solution of the problem of frozen pipes. In the south there are no such obvious remedies as snow ploughs. People in the smaller houses in the country suffered great hardships. With no central heating, inside pipes froze, hot water became an impossibility; one heard of kitchens ankle deep in pipe water. Plumbers were too busy to attend or unable to get along the by-roads and Christmas was anything but a feast of fun for all too many. Give me a green Christmas every time. Unless the weather wizards are right when they assure us that Britain is growing always warmer and that such weather as the late freeze-up is an anachronism and a rare exception, it is high time that the scientists devoted some of their powers to making us safer in our houses and on the roads against frost and snow. The thaw, when it came, was a kindly one. Many inches of snow from roofs, gutters, paths and lawns melted imperceptibly away without much flooding or slush and the roofs and tiles had time to dry in the sun before the night frost could flake them and crack them. It might have been worse. But on the battened roads it was nasty enough for days.

THE PREMIER'S SHOOTING HOLIDAY: Mr. Chamberlain setting out for a day's sport with his host, Lord Swinton, and Lord Swinton's sister, Mrs. Hanny, at Swinton Park, Masham, Yorkshire. Lord Swinton, it may be remembered, resigned from the Air Ministry last May following the big storm over aerial rearmament

SIR SIDNEY PEEL.—A very large number of tributes in the Press spoke to the high qualities and charming personality of the late Sir Sidney Peel. He had a fine brain and won great academic successes in his youth. He had marked ability and a very clear and orderly mind and his public and business activities were important and signally successful and covered a very wide range of subjects. In these public and semi-public spheres he was acknowledged to be an outstanding figure and an invaluable man. But to those who knew him intimately he was much more. There was something immensely heartening and stimulating in the steadfastness and strength of his character, something wonderfully comforting in the calmness of his judgment and the serenity of his mind. In the hour of panic he was a bulwark. His experience, courage and calm reasoning rejected rumour and panic measures and he had no use for miniature minds. And in the hour of danger he was a rock. It was my privilege to serve under him throughout the war, and if anyone could have made four years of war endurable, he was that man. He achieved that miracle. He never lost his sense of proportion, never forgot, in the carrying out of the grim routine, the things that matter and the things that are eternal. And so it is that for many who served under him the memories of those dark years in France are softened, and only the things that matter remain vivid; talks on literature, sunny days spent in watching birds and searching for wild flowers. And when the mud and blood and beastliness are all forgotten, there remain clear and joyous a hundred memories of his humour, his stories, his deep and broad humanity, his love of England and the English scene and of the young men of his own county who were in his keeping. He possessed a fierce loyalty for family and home, county and country. He was the ideal commander of a Yeomanry regiment brigaded with two regular cavalry regiments, for his strength of character refused to be intimidated or bluffed, and his will and loyalty afforded to every man under his command the assurance of the efficacy of the great slogan: "*Civis Romanus sum.*" He inspired as he protected every man in his charge and by his example he got the best out of each, looking into their hearts and rightly estimating what each could do. And when at the end of his life ill health struck him down cruelly, his philosophy and his strength and courage availed him. He never struck his flag. He still lived splendidly and richly and still to the end those who came to give him comfort went away in the certainty that the comfort had come from him. To the very end, he continued to inspire and guide and cheer. It was a great privilege to be his friend.

SIR JAMES SEXTON.—I have a vivid picture in my memory of Sir James Sexton, a founder of I.L.P. and

the dockers' great leader. He was sitting at the long table of an informal dining club to which I belonged. Next him sat the present Duke of Windsor; beyond the Prince sat Mr. Thomas, then the present King and beyond him Mr. Clynes. The discussion which followed dinner was of social service needs and reforms. When Sexton rose, he spoke with great simplicity of his boyhood. He told us he had started to work (a 14-hour day) in a cellar whose walls ran water, with no light but what filtered through a cobwebbed grating; bottling at 7s. a week. He was only eight years old. "Perhaps," he said, turning to his royal neighbours, "if I had had in those early days a little more light and air, I would be less of a twisted cripple now." He spoke entirely without bitterness; he spoke in tones of gentle, kindly reminiscence. But I well recall now the feeling of acute discomfort which his words caused to all. He was then about seventy, a twisted, slight figure of a man, with the saddest smile I ever saw. Many of us (without much logic) were at least thankful that the order had gone out that evening clothes were not to be worn on this occasion. It was twelve years ago, at least, if not more. He was a thorough patriot, a sane force in Socialism, a humorous, versatile man with a taste for writing verse. He was knighted in 1931.

THE LAW'S DELAYS.— Increases from time to time in the

THE THAMES SWANS HAVE BEEN BROUGHT IN, and some of them are seen in this picture being fed at the Albany Boathouse, Kingston, where they will be kept until warmer conditions prevail on the river. Of recent weeks they have been unable to find sufficient food

numerical strength of the Bench seem powerless to stem the flood of litigation. At the beginning of the year there are 1,500 civil actions set down for hearing by K.B.D. judges, recently increased by two. Some of these actions have been pending for nearly a year, many of them for six months. January is always a slow-motion month, when arrears have accumulated and assizes are taking place and carrying into the provinces 50 per cent. of the K.B. Division's strength. To cope with the arrears, it is proposed to use the services of three Lords Justices until at least the K.B.D. judges return from their assize rounds. This congestion comes as a surprise. We had been led to believe that litigation was on the whole decreasing, and a period of bad trade is usually a cause of a marked decrease. Good trade and prosperity are factors which encourage people to see what they can get out of the law. When money's tight or the times dangerous and uncertain, they cut their losses. For unsuccessful litigation is very costly. I fancy there is little doubt that the business of a legal action is conducted always with greater dispatch, even though judges still make their notes in longhand. It is congestion in K.B.D. business that puzzles me. Congestion in divorce business, despite recent efforts to cope with it, would evoke no such surprise. Is it possible that we are becoming more litigious after all and in the face of acute political anxiety and bad trade?

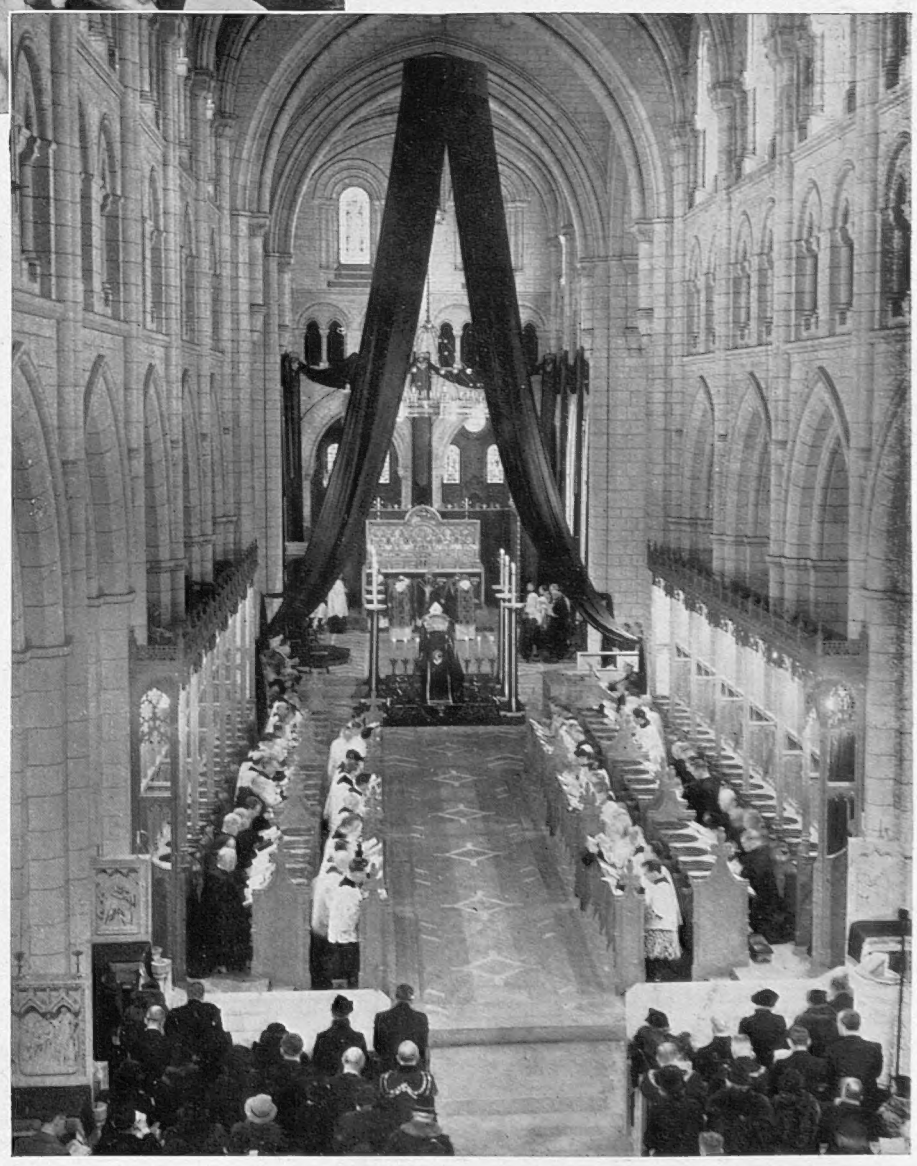
DRAKE'S PLAQUE.— The best news from those United States comes in a headline from the *Oakland Tribune*, "Bay Drake Plate O.K.'d," which, interpreted into English, means "The iron plaque, recording his visit to San Francisco in 1579, which was set up by the late Sir Francis Drake on his departure, has been exhaustively examined by experts under every known scientific test and has been pronounced as undoubtedly genuine." You can't say all that in a headline and I prefer the Oakland portmanteau to my own cabin trunks. You remember how a young fellow, idling on the rocks in Marin County, found the iron plate, suspected it of antiquity, took it to a professor who found in contemporary Elizabethan writings a curiously exact description of it and of the circumstances which led to its engraving and setting up by Drake, and how they fitted an Elizabethan coin into the niche prepared for its reception by Drake, as a sign manual that the great Queen had taken possession of the country round for herself and her successors. Now that the Bay Drake Plate's O.K.'d, the next move is with America. I hope we shall not begin to "stage demonstrations" and cry "California." That were undignified. We should proceed by negotiations. We might set off California against the war debt. But, of course, America will claim that the Boston Tea-party put an end to our right to own California. Anyway, it's good news that the Bay Drake Plate's O.K. — according to America.

BRIGHTON THE PRESERVER.— Sir Roderick Jones has given the lie to statements made on behalf of the Brighton Corporation that he intends to sell it Kipling's house at Rottingdean for preservation. Sir Roderick bought the house for preservation and does not intend to part with it to anybody, least of all to the corporation which with many other such bodies has made balderdash of the very word preservation. It is a far cry to the days when the little village of Brighthelmstone attracted invalids to its salubrious beach with its handful of fisherfolk. It has grown, and its authorities, advancing and pushing out commercially by way of Peacehavens and bungalow towns and stunts and joy palaces of all kinds, have built there a new Jerusalem which, I have reason to believe, is suffering as old Jerusalem has suffered of late—from a surfeit of discordant elements. It is possible to be too commercial. The Munro doctrine should with reserves be applied to towns. Not all the inhabitants of a town are shopkeepers and hoteliers and if your policy is forever to force up the rates to attract visitors and trippers, the time comes when non-commercial residents leave the town, and houses remain empty, no longer a source of revenue. And again, if you put your money (or your ratepayers' money) on tourists, you stand or fall by the changing fashions of tourists. Modern tourists are birds of passage. They no longer sleep in your city; they drive through and camp out in their caravans, preferring them to lodging houses. It is better to pay a little deference to your own permanent population and to study their amenities and preferences. Otherwise you may find your city, like the City of London, empty of nights and, unlike the City of London, not heavily rated.

AUTOGRAPH MENACE.— The Board of Control is writing to the M.C.C. to suggest the finding of a solution to a grave problem affecting Test cricket. It appears that the Australian tourists last year were compelled to sign along the dotted line 100,000 times and that this heavy task "interrupted the time-table and involved a loss of leisure." Myself, I doubt if this problem or menace is as serious as the European problem or even the bracken menace or the beetle or tick menace. Indeed, I have a simple solution which I hardly dare venture to offer. It can be put in one word, *REFUSE*, or two short words, *SAY NO*. If Australian cricketers would take both themselves and the British schoolboy or schoolgirl less seriously, the menace would disappear. A cricketer's autograph and a schoolboy's intelligence are both of minor importance, and a general ban on signing autographs would really little affect the well-being of charitable organisations (which do not in truth exist by the sale of autographs).

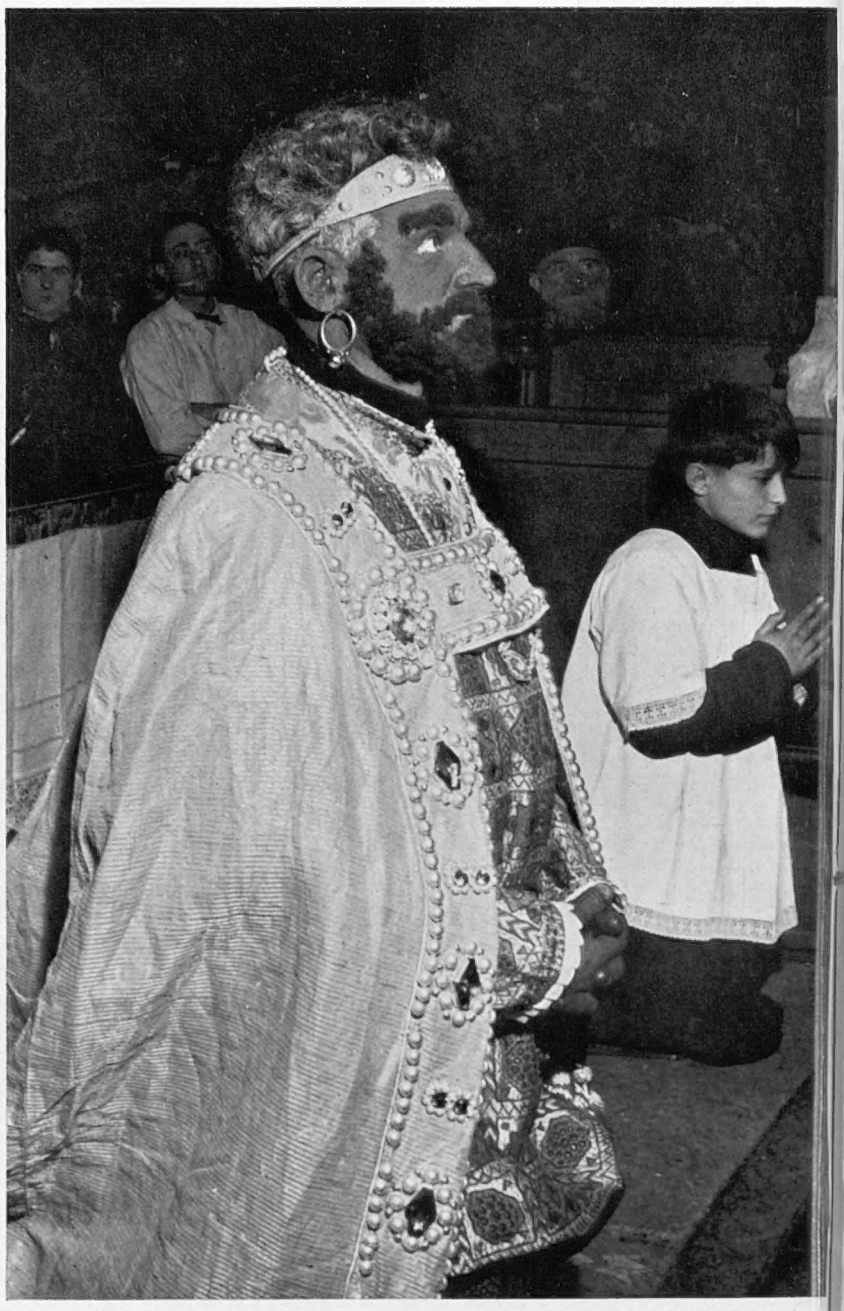
UNDER RUSSELL SQUARE.— Holborn Borough Council has approved in principle one of the most sensible plans (for war or peace) yet submitted for public approval. It is, to build 35 ft. deep under Russell Square garden an underground chamber which will hold hundreds of cars in peace time and 80,000 people safely in war time. The cost will be tremendous, no doubt, but when for two almost insoluble problems (traffic and A.R.P.) there is put forward a hopeful proposal, money is no object. Many London square gardens may be a network of sewers and pipes and wires. All are not so. This plan was mooted responsibly thirteen years ago, and nothing has yet been done!

THE OLD STAGER



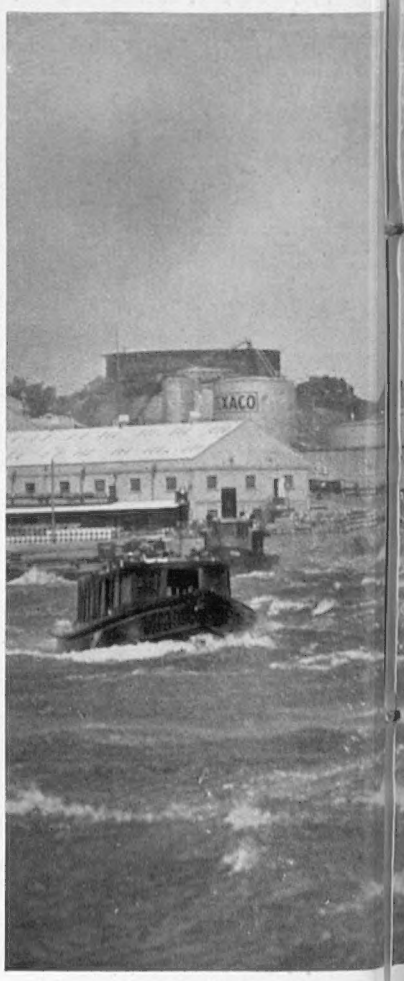
BUCKFAST MOURNS ITS LORD ABBOT: The impressive scene in the abbey during the funeral service for the Right Rev. Dom Anscar Vonier, the man who was responsible for the remarkable work of converting the ruined abbey into a new building. When he began the great task all he had at his disposal was £1, one workman, and a horse and cart

EGYPT'S NEW PRINCESS MAKES HER BOW: Princess Ferial, six-weeks-old daughter of King Farouk and Queen Farida, pictured in the arms of her English nurse, Miss Winifred Johnson, when last week she was shown to the Cairo crowds for the first time. Princess Ferial is not the heir-presumptive, as by a decree issued in 1922 by the late King Fuad the succession to the Egyptian throne was established in the direct male line



EPIPHANY IN OLD PROVENCE: One of the Magi as he appears in the annual religious service held in the church at La Bocca, near Cannes, to commemorate "The Three Wise Men"

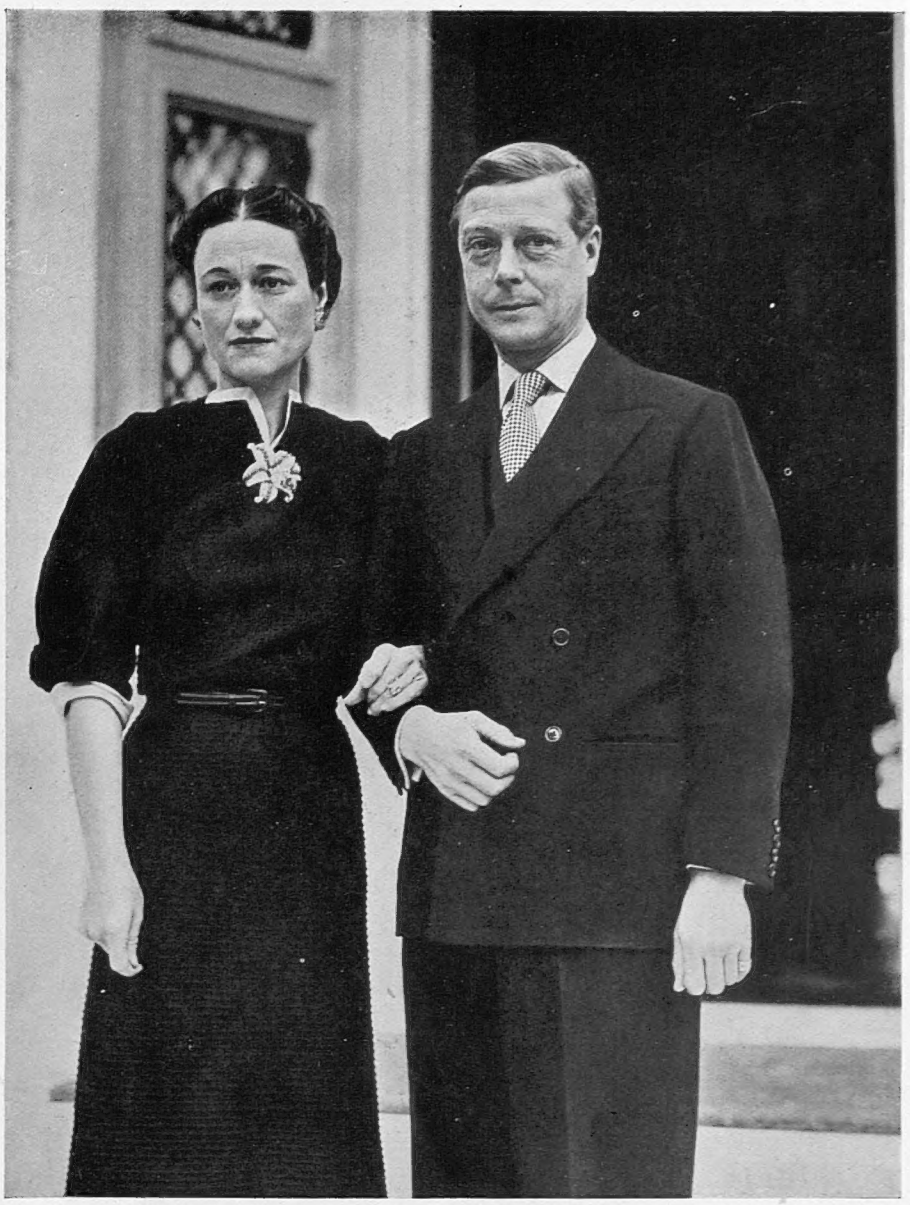
MORE FLOODING IN CALIFORNIA: Miss Jenny MacLachlon, a resident in the Santa Monica district, salvaging what was left of her furniture after flood waters had washed it from her home on to the beach. Last February, it may be remembered, there were similar occurrences on an even more serious scale in this area, Hollywood and several other suburbs being completely cut off, 3,500 people being rendered homeless, and 125 people losing their lives. The damage to property was estimated at £5,000,000



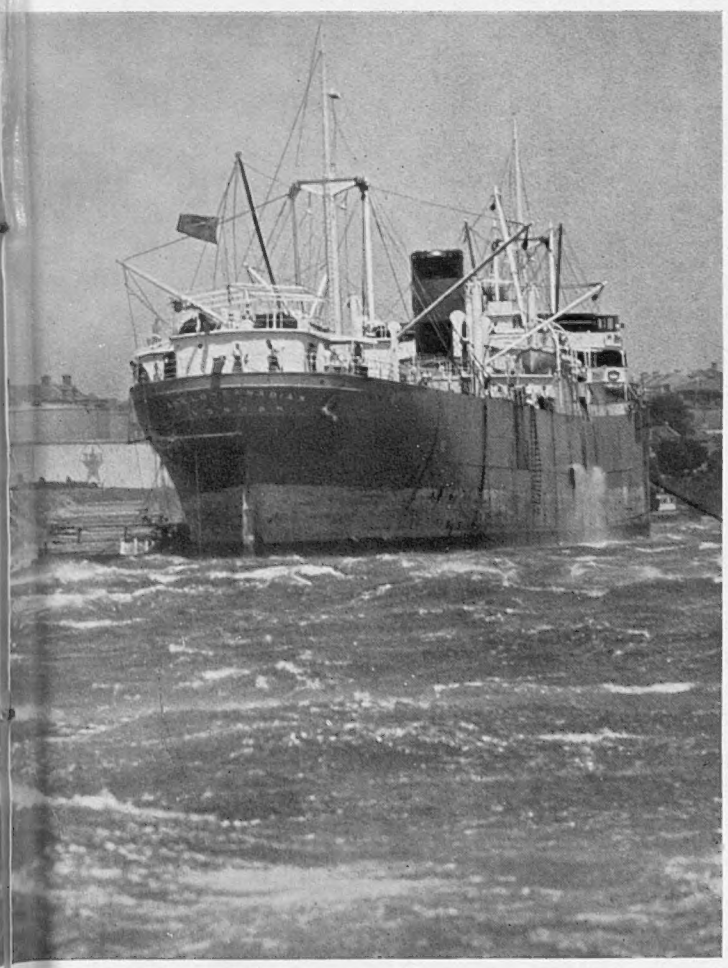
A SUMMER STORM IN SYDNEY: Judging by this picture Australia has been experiencing much the same weather as we in England enjoyed

HEADLINED ABROAD

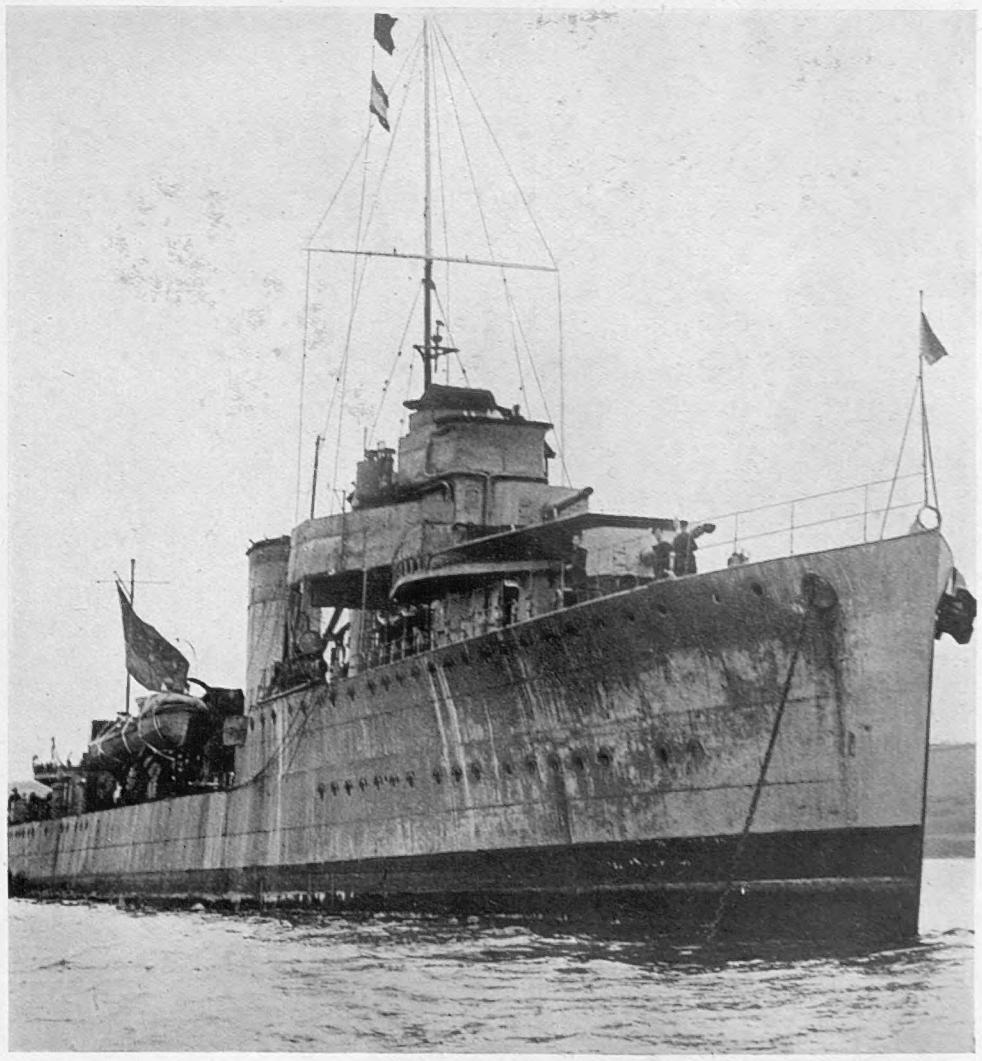
MAUDE ADAMS GIVES A CHRISTMAS BROADCAST: This celebrated stage figure, who entertained two generations of American theatre-goers, made a welcome but brief come-back on December 24 when she took part in the National Broadcasting Company's programme. Miss Adams is regarded as one of the greatest American actresses of all time



A NEW YEAR PICTURE OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF WINDSOR taken on the steps of their Riviera villa at Cap d'Antibes where they have been spending the Christmas holidays with their guests. The Duchess is wearing a simple dress of black-ribbed wool, a plain band of white running round the high neck, and a large jewelled orchid, made of pearls and coloured stones, serving as adornment. She has adopted a modified form of the high hair fashion



during our own so-called summer. Here we see the lumber ship *Anglo-Canadian* almost ashore in Sydney harbour after dragging her anchors during a big gale. Fortunately, tugs came to the rescue before the tide went out, taking her into mid-stream to save her from being left high and dry

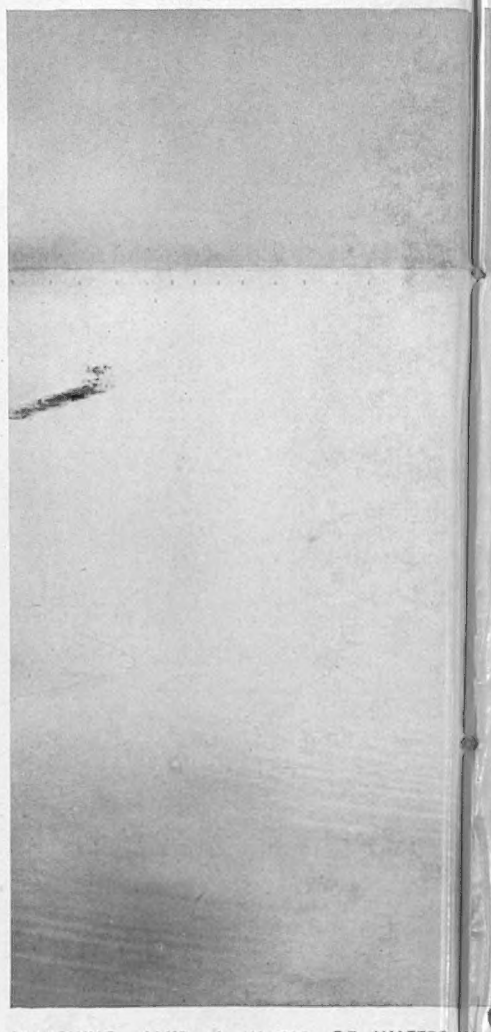


THE FATE OF THE "JOSE LUIS DIEZ": The Spanish Government destroyer which last week crept out of Gibraltar, where she had been under repair since the sea battle in August, and attempted under cover of darkness to run the insurgent gauntlet and make for Cartagena. She was spotted by Franco's patrol, however, and after a running fight was forced ashore in Catalan Bay

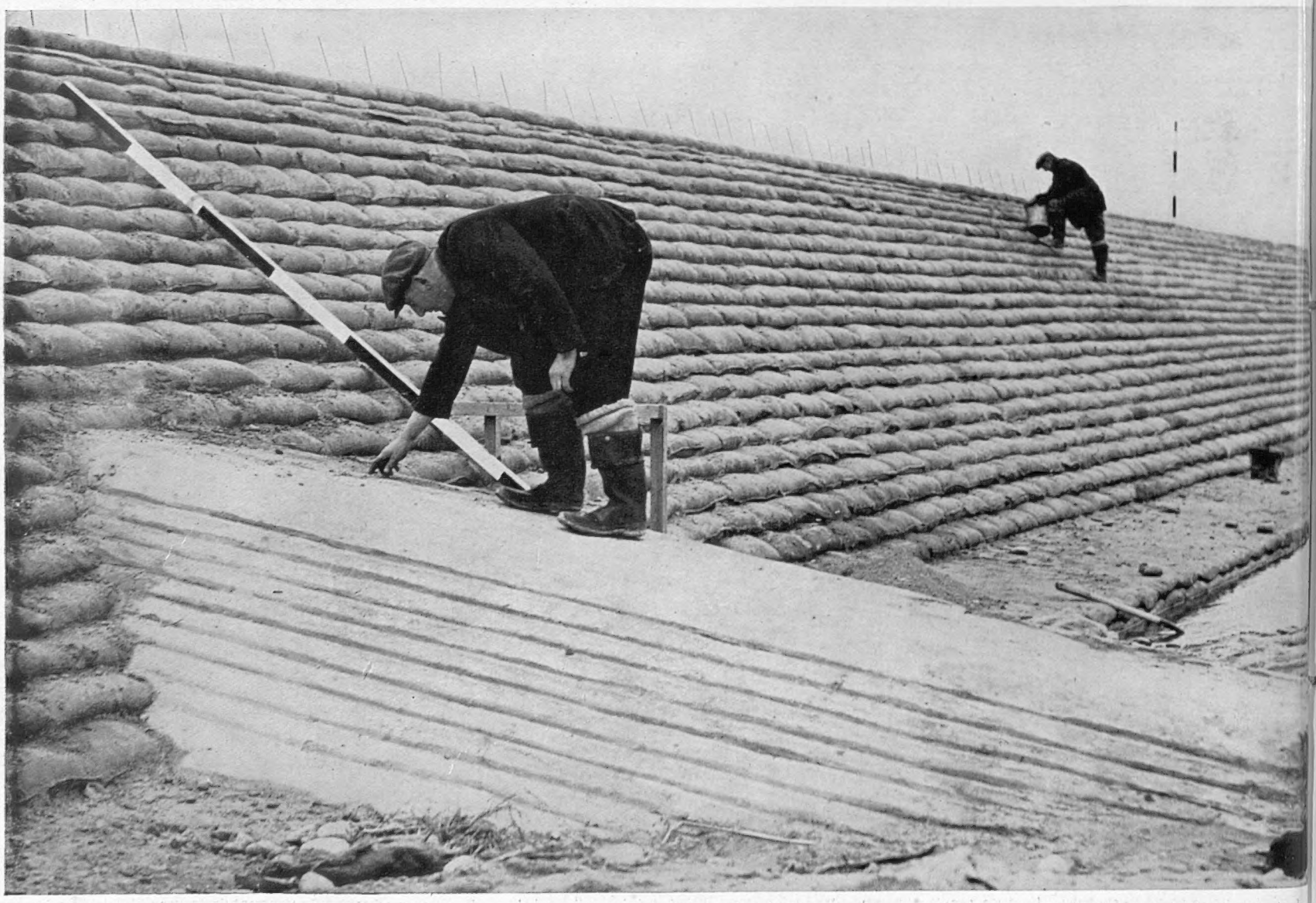
COMBATING THE

Strengthening the Dykes After the

WORKING AGAINST TIME: Men building up a dyke at Welney, Norfolk, where strenuous measures were taken last week to prevent a recurrence of the fen country floods. Low-lying parts of Lincolnshire and Cambridgeshire were actually inundated just after Christmas and it was feared that the great thaw, coupled with high tides, would aggravate the situation



SEARCHING AMID A WASTE OF WATERS: A farmer rowing out to look for his cattle in the Pulborough district of Sussex, where

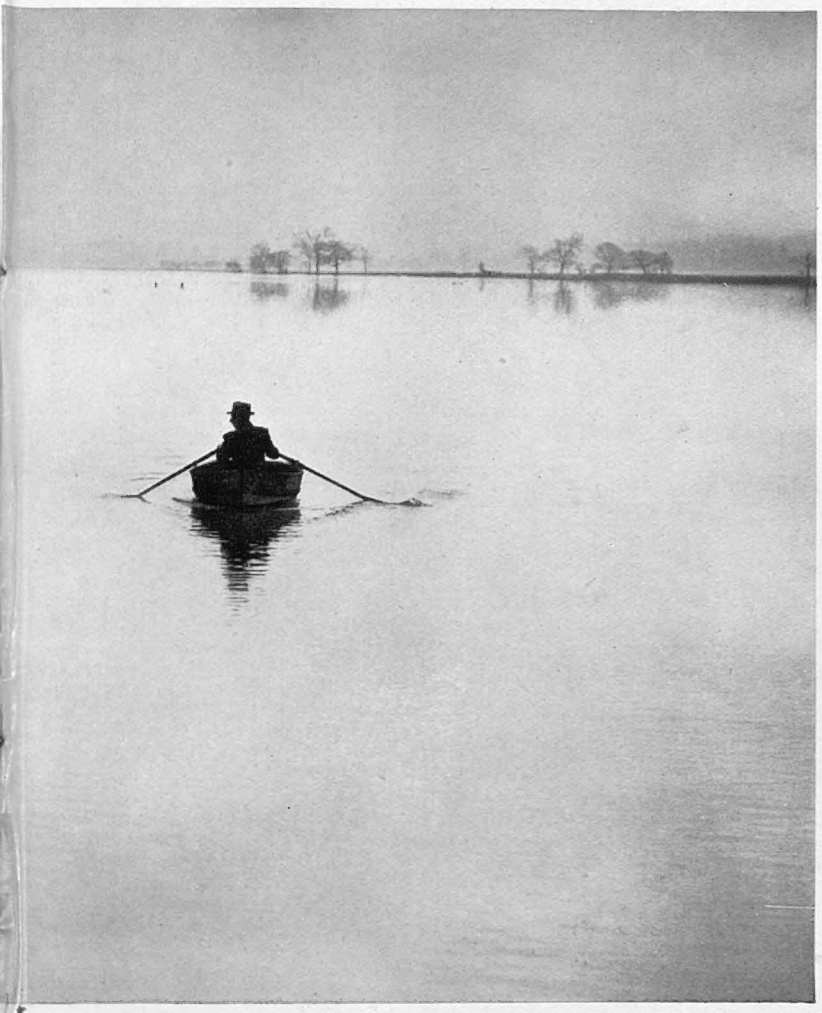


HORSEY'S MAGINOT LINE

This great dam, composed of concrete-filled sandbags held together by steel rods driven through the layers, has been erected at Horsey, Norfolk, scene of last year's disastrous floods, and as a result it is believed that the agricultural area of Broadland will from now on be safe from the sea's menace. In the foreground is one of the groynes which run 400 ft. into the sea, their purpose being to assist the beach to re-form where it has been washed away by the waves

FLOOD MENACE in FENLAND

Great Thaw : Roads Blocked in Kent as the Medway Rises



a considerable area was flooded as a result of streams overflowing during the big thaw that followed the Christmastide snowfall. The thaw was so rapid and so unexpected that there was no time to take the necessary precautionary measures

A.A. FLOOD SQUADS OUT IN KENT: One of the patrolmen posting up a notice warning motorists of a flooded road. A picture taken near Yalding and Maidstone after the Medway had, in accordance with its winter habit, inundated a large area

As an additional protection against flooding, the men who are engaged in building Horsey's new sea defences have planted the sand hills with marram grass, which in due course will form a deeply rooted mass resistant to the action of wind and wave. Altogether four and a half miles of Norfolk coastline are being permanently protected in this way, and when the work is fully completed in four or five years it will have cost in the neighbourhood of £430,000

BINDING NORFOLK'S DUNES

ALL EYES ON LIMA

And the Pan-American Conference

SECRETARY OF STATE CORDELL HULL, leader of the U.S. delegation to the Eighth Pan-American Conference, being greeted by Senora Benavides, wife of President Benavides of Peru (second from right), at a reception held at the Torre-Tagle Palace, Lima. The conference began in the second week in December and has very largely resolved itself into a battle of wits between those who would have the twenty-one American republics completely harnessed to Democracy and those who would increase the Fascist influence in the New World

PANKHURST A L'AMERICAINE: Miss D. Stevens, head of the Inter-American Commission of Women, pictured on arrival in Peru for a meeting in conjunction with the Pan-American Conference. She seeks to establish civil and political rights for women throughout Latin America

THESE ITALIAN-TRAINED POLICE belong to a detachment told off to guard delegates to the Pan-American Conference

Why Germany Wants Submarine Parity with Great Britain

Making the Best of the Bargain Struck in 1935 : A Naval Opinion

By VICE-ADMIRAL C. V. USBORNE

TO understand the new German decision to build up to 100 per cent. of British tonnage in submarines we must go back to the Naval Treaty of 1935. At that time Germany, already a National Socialist nation, had not openly thrown off the ban on armaments in general, and submarines in particular, which Versailles had imposed on her.

Determined to rearm and already in process of doing so, the German Führer approached Britain with proposals for a Naval Treaty. The gain sought for Germany was a *rapprochement* with this country based on her declared policy of never again challenging British sea power, together with the recognition by at least one ex-enemy (Britain) of her right to rearm by sea. The gain to Britain was the assurance that in the matter of sea power, the ultimate weapon in a long war, she eliminated German competition, and on a long view her security remained unchallenged.

In this spirit it was agreed that the German navy, measured in tonnage, and class by class, should never exceed 35 per cent. of that of the British Commonwealth. It was for us to set the pace and for Germany to follow. Nothing short of a "violent upset" of the general equilibrium by "abnormal and exceptional building" was to justify an agreed change of ratio.

Had it stopped here the treaty would have been well enough, but it did not. There was a special clause concerning submarines which runs:

"Germany, while not exceeding the ratio of 35/100 in respect of total tonnage, shall have the right to a submarine tonnage equal to the total submarine tonnage possessed by the British Commonwealth of Nations. The German Government, however, undertakes that, except in the circumstances indicated in the immediately following sentence, Germany's submarine tonnage shall not exceed 45 per cent. of that of the British. It reserves the right, in the event of a situation arising which in her opinion makes it necessary for Germany to avail herself of her right to exceed 45 per cent., to give notice to this effect . . . and agrees that the matter shall be the subject of friendly discussion before the German Government exercises that right."

This one-sided clause would seem to strike at the fundamental basis of the treaty, for a German submarine tonnage concentrated in home waters equal to that which our Empire has distributed all over the globe, would constitute a threat as great as that which so nearly destroyed us in the late war.

Why did we agree to it? I have never been able to understand, but agree we did, perhaps in the belief that the clause would never be used, perhaps in the confidence that our new dispositions would render submarines innocuous against our trade.

Having won this point Germany made the best of her bargain by building small submarines while we built large ones, so that to-day, though within her 45 per cent. limit, she possesses seventy-one submarines, built and building, to the British Empire's sixty-nine.

No one can blame her for making the most of the position, but the gesture of non-challenge became almost meaningless, since sea power based on a battle fleet having to protect an essential trade can be very seriously challenged by a fleet of submarines, as we well know.

Now, just three and a half years later, Germany gives notice to exercise her right, inferring that "the situation has arisen which in her opinion makes it necessary." Again, who can blame her? She is within her treaty rights, the stipulated friendly discussion has now taken place, and Germany will proceed to build. Perhaps she will give her true reason, more probably she will not.

It is the clear duty of the German Admiralty to give their country as powerful a navy as possible, and they have probably been pressing their government to invoke this clause for years. There is ample excuse. The Russian navy has been growing apace.

But this is no more than an excuse, for the best answer to submarines is destroyers for hunting and escort work. And though in fairness it must be stated that submarines as hunters of their like were very effective in the late war, to-day the advantages of fast surface craft with detecting apparatus and depth-charges are paramount. Besides, many of these Russian submarines are far away in the Pacific.

Clearly then, while the Russian menace may be cited as the reason, it will not be the only one which prompted the move. Relations with this country have deteriorated since 1935. Germany would see no profit to-day in seeking our favour by remaining weak at sea. The whole Nazi policy is based on the threat of force—the more force behind one the better one can bargain.

For Britain the move is serious, but the correct reply is not in doubt. It is, surely, to build more hunting craft—medium-sized destroyers capable also of escorting duty, at least two more for every new submarine.

This is no time for cheese-paring, the pace cannot last indefinitely, and the future of the Empire may hang on the amplitude of our rearmament in the coming decade.

How China Celebrates Her New Year

By Jean Gordon

THE night has been made hideous with ear-splitting sounds which to the uninitiated might easily be bombs or shrapnel or machine-gun fire. In fact, they are merely the ubiquitous crackers beloved by the Chinese at any time for exorcising evil spirits, and absolutely necessary at the end of the old year in order to start afresh with a clean slate.

This morning as we drove through the streets—full of holiday crowds—to the Hong Kong ferry, all the gutters were inches deep in scraps of red paper—litter from the New Year crackers which are still being let off intermittently. Shops and stores and even the meanest of huts are plastered with gay scarlet paper bills which are the equivalent of our Christmas decorations, and on every flagstaff and vantage point the Chinese flag flutters in the breeze.

The New Year be-all and end-all of every self-respecting Chinese, of any class, is to have paid all debts. This happy state is not arrived at easily. For the last week we "foreigners" have been petitioned to settle all outstanding accounts. The servants have had their wages in advance as well as their New Year "cumshaw" (tip) of half a month's pay. Sales have been in full swing at all Chinese retail stores, and wonderful bargains have been obtainable at most curio shops and at the Wanchai New Year Fair.

Here stalls have been erected for the past week, displaying goldfish, flowers, "Japanese" gardens, lacquer, porcelain, and curios. As the end of the year has drawn nearer prices have steadily fallen lower, until we who had the patience to wait were able to secure our coveted treasures at literally our own price. ("Lose plentee money, missie," say the stall-holders sadly and perhaps almost truthfully for once.)

Thus, with what surely must be half their future mortgaged, the Chinese embark on their New Year without loss of face, and with tremendous enthusiasm and festivity. To-day the streets and ferries are thronged with holiday-makers—all, from the smallest to the oldest member of the family, poor and rich alike, dressed in some new garment.

Everywhere there is feasting, for, like our Christmas season, food seems to play a great part in their New Year celebrations. Where we demand turkey the Chinese have a special fancy for pressed duck, and these strange-looking birds hang row upon row in countless numbers of shops. Even the poorer households manage to display a bowl of oranges arranged on a table beside some brightly coloured joss-sticks, and the very poorest are given New Year "chow" (food) by the churches. For all Chinese go to church, as they call it for our benefit (a Confucian temple probably), at New Year if at no other time, armed with flowers and a few cents or dollars to provide "chow" for the less fortunate.

The whole of the commerce and industry of Hong Kong is paralysed on New Year's Day. Even the home air mail, which arrived this morning, has not been delivered, and will not be until to-morrow.

In some cases the feasting and holidaymaking lasts for nearly a week. The compradores (keepers of general stores) are shut for three days. Even the foreign (British and American) shops close on New Year's Day itself. Every houseboy expects at least a day's holiday; and the social life of the colony is virtually at a standstill while the baby-amahs take their annual day off and the mothers become nannies.

The Chinese working classes are very generous. Out of their "cumshaw" they invariably buy presents for various members of the household. Bowls of "waterlilies" (a species of jonquil) and lovely bare brown branches adorned with the decorative pink Chinese bell flower—an emblem of "good joss"—to the missie, and a bowl of goggle-eyed Chinese goldfish or a lucky (and hideous) china ornament to the younger members. And even after the holiday is over it seems to be a custom among themselves to take a gift of fruit or flowers when making the first New Year visit to a friend.

ON THE THRESHOLD OF A NEW LIFE: Young German Jews on board the liner *Galilea* in which they journeyed recently from Trieste to Tel Aviv, Palestine, after receiving intimation that arrangements had been made for them to live in the Holy Land under the adoption scheme by which it is hoped that some six thousand refugees will eventually be accommodated

GERMAN JEWISH REFUGEES REACH PALESTINE

THE NEW PORT OF TEL AVIV where several hundreds of young German Jewish refugees were landed before Christmas and are now living with families who have agreed to support them

A HAVEN IN THE HOLY LAND: Young German Jewish refugees dancing in the open air on arrival at Tel Aviv and (*right*) discussing their prospects for the future. While the younger folk are experiencing no difficulty in gaining admission to Palestine, despite the fact that the quota is exhausted, Jews resident in Palestine have, up to the time of writing, found it impossible to bring in relatives of over fifty years of age, as the Arab element declares this would be an evasion of the immigration laws. So far about 12,000 unsuccessful applications have been made to the Government for the admission of German Jewish dependants

I VISIT THE MORIBUND LEAGUE: *By Ferdinand Tuohy*

IN the last days of September the Swiss Confederation was planning to move the League of Nations Secretariat to the town of Fribourg. It was thought that Mussolini might attack in the direction of Savoy, many of whose inhabitants had been warned by the French authorities to hold themselves in readiness for evacuation, and Geneva was deemed all too close to the French frontier to continue to harbour such a highly controversial institution as the League. (The Swiss are in a nervous state; feel being undermined.)

Most Genevans applauded. Despite the money the League has brought to the town for nigh on a score years, the Genevans, who consider themselves rather patricians, have never troubled to conceal their feelings towards the international caravanserai in their midst (the words used to me were "they've always hated us"). It would really be too much if this unflattering incubus were to emerge as a magnet tempting adventuresome forces to violate Swiss soil!

Would there ever have been any danger of this happening? Probably not. Probably the real Swiss fear was of "getting in Dutch." I can only tell you what they contemplated doing, and add that policy for the future is understood to be that if Switzerland is menaced by any grave Anschluss movement concerning her 2,750,000 German-speaking nationals, or is compelled to mobilise in defence of her territory, the League personnel will be asked to move altogether, at least temporarily, leaving a caretaking and nucleus staff to look after the mammoth white mass on Ariana height and its universalised contents. The outbreak of war would not, however, determine such a request which would only be made if the risk of Switzerland being drawn in were increased owing to the presence of the League's headquarters on Swiss soil.

Once dreams were dreamt of a League defying the lightning, did war break out on the Continent; of its seeking by might and main to canalise, check, control, terminate the conflict, and not least by the use of its splendid wireless transmitting station. This should tell the truth to the world hour by hour, mobilising opinion, keeping it riveted on peace. I think we can say goodbye to any such dream now. For it is as plain as can be that if the League got up to any such tricks, the totalitarians would at once protest to Switzerland, and more. And that it is "All Lombard Street to a China orange"—whatever on earth that means—that the Confederation would say to the League, in as many words, "Shut up or get out!" It might say the "get out," anyway, even if the League kept quiet, if the neighbouring dictators demanded so.

"Oh, what a fall." Yes, indeed. And I purposely branched off to Geneva, after my European tour, to absorb the atmosphere of utter failure and defeat. A nice cold, dull December day, miserable as Geneva knows how to deliver them, would be a suitable accompaniment. And it was so.

As I got into the League bus at the Cornavin station, I glanced round the crowded interior. A face here I knew. Another over there. All members of the Secretariat staff going to their morning's toil. For what? Yes, for what? Of course one didn't want these people to lose their jobs. Of course they had worked more devotedly than you had ever worked yourself. Nevertheless, the question insisted. What good could their morning's work really bring, now that Europe had got to where it had?

I had left a Central Europe where things were going on that pre-war times would never have tolerated. Then there was no League. But greater sanction for the international code. A great power was doing nothing more nor less than applying, without a by your leave and off its own bat, a Europeanised "Monroe Doctrine" to almost a dozen countries. Germany was saying to all whom it might concern: "You keep out of this whole zone. That is my pidjin and mine alone. I intend inside the allotted time to do what I like with these people, Czech and Magyar, Slovak and Ruthene, Ukrainian and Rumanian, Bulgar and Greek, Austrian and Serb, and maybe, too, Pole and Balt. It will work out for their good, in the end, besides that of the Reich. But that is nobody else's business, either."

And all this collection, once sucked into the Nazi orbit, would with little doubt proceed to espouse most things the League stood out against. There would be militarism, and a fig for arbitration or "bringing one's grievances to the Council table." There would be slicings up of territory, new treaties, and Geneva would not even be informed about them. There would be great barter deals running entirely counter to the commercial and finance accords the League had sponsored. There would be 50-hour, maybe 60-hour working weeks, as against the Genevan ideal of 40. Minorities, over which the League was supposed to have a special guardianship, would be re-dealt with, as Ribbentrop and Ciano had done at Vienna on November 3.

GENEVA IN 1938: A scene in the great corridor of the committee rooms

Intellectual co-operation would not be the League's, but that of the Axis, over all this vast area.

Others were tackling "communications and transit," building great roads and canals across a continent. Others were planning re-housing on their own, and on what a scale. Others were taking charge of distressed areas, and people. The League could not even take care of the persecuted. Incredible, but one of the principal economies trotted out by the Finance Committee has to do with the closing of the credit for refugee activities though it seems to have been only about £15,000 per annum. I know certain countries objected that this work intruded in their domestic affairs, but bowing to that kind of pressure only accentuates the picture of League futility. A symbol of it: that laughable League puppet at Danzig.

> "Fantasy played as I trod the endless, empty white corridors, and I saw this Palace of the Nations rather as a giant confessional box in which loudspeakers boomed a giant's 'mea culpa'"

No one seemed to go near the World Court except a very occasional cargo boat, yet its maintenance swallowed a sixth of the total League budget (I.L.O. aside).

Four out of seven great powers outside Geneva. Other countries preparing to go (to leave the sinking ship?), or not paying their dues, or openly setting aside contracts they had solemnly signed under the Covenant. Lip service rampant, with none worse sinners than ourselves. Mr. Roosevelt putting out feelers for a Western Hemisphere League.

Europe, meanwhile, ensconced in its accepted position on the edge of the leader-writer's volcano. Waiting, with the breeze up, "to see what Hitler will do next." Stand still and exploit? Biff for the Ukraine? Take on the famous western democracies by pouring troops over the Brenner and so on down to Trapani and Taranto and across to Africa in support of the Duce, *quid pro quo* for the latter having agreed to swallow that severe dose of March 12 last? I have ever since thought this might one day be Hitler's way of paying back his debt of gratitude.

The League has charge of mandates. "It" ought to be in the thick of this determining African and colonial business. Claimants would not pay the least attention to what it said or did.

Prowling about the great white carcase on Ariana, one wanted to kick it, but for that being a good deal akin to kicking one's own self. Still, when something has let one down like this . . .

In point of fact League action has propelled the risk of another war much more quickly than this would have accrued *sans* League, for it was sanctions, not half applied, that not only consolidated the original dictator, who might otherwise have toppled; but which also fundamentally summoned into being the Rome-Berlin Axis that now demands under menaces right and left, and amazing demands they are coming to be.

Fantasy played as I trod the endless, empty white corridors, and I saw this Palace of the Nations rather as a giant confessional box in which loudspeakers boomed a giant's *mea culpa*.

Yes, "It" had a lot to answer for, had this League. You may say that it failed because it tried to do too much; the world was not ready for it, etc.; such is the easy slip away usually to be found in the mouths of League of Nations Union cranks who think, among other things, that going down on their knees helps matters. The League—one side of its membership—for sixteen years after Versailles sought to perpetuate the victory ringing in that Treaty. The all-puissant side of League membership used Geneva as an instrument of power politics to the exclusion of any serious policy of lifting the vanquished back on to common, level ground.

How far the Secretariat, those in high places, may have been to blame for this, for remaining static, or for guiding this way and that, is becoming a subject of debate, a thing it has not been before. Certain it is that one whole side of the League conception, namely, that aimed at removing the likely causes of war—such as vast strips of the earth's surface lying under-populated and crying for development—of removing such snares before things grew ugly and dangerous, was never pushed at all despite any amount of writing and speaking in that direction. If you turned up this paper for several years back, you would find a series in which the leit motiv was *savoir donner*, "give while the giving is good." I mention the fact merely because if there is one person I abhor it is the gentleman wise after the event.

However, what was the point in holding further Council and Assembly meetings in 1939 under such bankrupt circumstances? On January 16 the Council would meet again. "Why?" I asked. "Administrative details?" "Oh, no. China and Spain are still on the agenda."

What is to be the future of this organisation? M. Avenol's hope is to pull through by retrenchment and reform and lying doggo. The engine should be kept just ticking over. Members are not to be bothered. Send out a minimum of stuff. Don't draw unnecessary attention to ourselves. Keep very quiet. Such is Geneva's role as we approach the narrows. And purging (vile current term) being the fashion, a purge is parallely getting under way. It began with my friend Hoden, who did not believe in rigging the vessel anew, flaunting new bunting in an effort to lure back the dictators.

I found a rather pathetic expectation that the Italians might return: there were indications that Italians rather wanted to. Of Hitler, no hope. No, and I shouldn't think of Mussolini either, not of his returning to anything like this League (or without Hitler), reform it until one is pink in the gills. The only League the totalitarians may ever reconsider, in my estimate, is not a reformed affair, but an entirely new edifice, having purely to do with the technical and social side, and, essentially, coming into being from a blending of the International Labour Office with the present League proper on Ariana. Out with the political, in with the practical things affecting man's daily life.

Moreover, in this conceivable new League of Practical Affairs, uninterfering, unpunishing, even not sitting in judgment, a governing principle might well be the deletion of the general conference idea of nations automatically meeting to chinwag and tie things in knots as a result of too many cooks. That has been a main curse of "Geneva." Only states specially interested in a subject should be convened. From the general to the particular; from universal to restricted conferences; from multilateral conventions to bilateral ones.

It is not ruled out that such a blending as the foregoing may be beckoned nearer by the finance aspect. Secretary-General Avenol the Frenchman is economising as only his countrymen know how. He is putting anything he can scrape up into the reserve. And the League boasts various funds amounting to over £3,000,000—belonging, of course, to its members, who can claim their portion on quitting. None the less, lean times are anticipated in the auditing department. Members are leaving, others are not paying up, and there is no reason why things should improve: on the contrary. The 1938 budget, audited on December 3, shows that only 83·96 per cent. of the total sum due has been paid up.

Reduced membership conduces to remaining members having to pay more individually for the upkeep of the edifice, which factor should promote further exits.

While the League lies in storage, a hush planes over its Secretariat, numbering somewhere under 400, on Ariana. Who will go next? Who is safe for a pension? The axe has been busy.

Measures have been taken to prevent members of the staff retiring prematurely and drawing on the staff pensions fund. There is a certain itch to get away, if the thing can be done at all remuneratively. But Avenol the Frenchman is watching.

If the Secretariat is ever disbanded or greatly reduced it will be a bad day commercially for Geneva. Of a round 800 attached to the Secretariat, all paid in good Swiss francs, about half rent apartments, while 25 per cent. have got villas of varying sizes and as many again favour hotels and pensions. The spending capacity of such an international multitude is not to be sneezed at.

"THE SPHERE" SURVEYS THE WORLD

TANGANYIKA NATIVES STAGE AN ANTI-GERMAN DEMONSTRATION: Men of the central Kavirondo reserve marching with a banner to a mass meeting where they urged in very definite terms that Great Britain should not on any account consider handing the territory back to Germany. Demonstrations of this character, but on the whole of an orderly nature, have been taking place in many parts of the country of recent weeks

THE KAVIRONDO INDABA: A general view of the scene at the mass meeting staged by Tanganyika natives to make known their opposition to the German claim that the territory should be retroceded. The correspondent who sent this picture states that the speakers expressed the fear that German rule would mean "a reign of terror"

WHEN THE SEA FROZE off the north and east Friesian Islands several cargo vessels were stuck fast in the ice and the Lufthansa aeroplane seen in the foreground had to fly to their rescue with food supplies. The machine was equipped with skis instead of wheels

HALLIE FLANAGAN, Director of the U.S. Government's Federal Theatre Projects, taking the oath when about to testify before the Dies Committee which has been set up to investigate un-Americanism (which may partly be interpreted as Communism) in American institutions

"WE DO NOT WISH TO SUFFER THE FATE OF ABYSSINIA; WE WANT TO LIVE" runs the wording on this banner carried through the streets of Jibuti, French Somaliland, by natives who staged a demonstration in protest against the Italian claims upon the port and its hinterland

LOYAL ARABS FORGATHER IN PALESTINE: Fakhri Bey (right), who is opposed to terrorist methods as a means of settling the racial dispute, pictured at Yalta, near Hebron, where he recently held a demonstration at which 4,000 of his followers pledged their loyalty to Britain. Among those present was Major-General O'Connor (commanding the 7th Division), who made a brief speech thanking the Arabs for their support

THIS IS THE TELL-TALE POLICE RECORD OF PHILIP MUSICA, the man who under the name of Donald Coster had masqueraded in America as a banker and pillar of Society, and who committed suicide last month when the police discovered his true identity and his criminal record following the revelation of a £3,000,000 shortage in the funds of a company in which he was interested. Musica was the son of a Neapolitan barber

THE TERROR OF SEAFARING MEN THROUGH THE AGES: This remarkable picture of Cape Horn was taken from the deck of a cargo steamer on one of those very rare occasions when the headland is clearly visible. So often it is cloaked in mist, while frequently bad weather necessitates the captain steering a course far to the south so that he may be certain that whatever happens he will not be driven against this dread lee-shore of many wrecks

AFTER TURNING THE CORNER and the ship is about to run into the calm waters of the south Atlantic, the camera gains a last glimpse of the Horn, which is seen away to the left just behind the jagged outline of Deceit Rocks

On right—**57 deg. SOUTH:** The sea whipped to a fury in the vicinity of the Horn presents a magnificently awe-inspiring picture, and meanwhile an 80 m.p.h. gale screeches through stays and rigging

ROUNDING CAPE HORN:

A New and Remarkable Series of Pictures Taken On One of the Rare Occasions When the Dread Point Can Be Clearly Viewed From the Sea

Pictures by Robert Elliston

ONE OF THE GREY BEARDS OF THE HORN: A great comber rolling up against the ship. The water is rather rougher than it looks, due to the fact that photography tends to flatten out the appearance of waves. The Horn, even in summer, is a desolate spectacle and only the stormy petrels and the albatrosses seem at home in this waste of waters on emerging from which the mariner inevitably breathes a sigh of relief. Little wonder it is called "Cape Stiff"

A STRONGLY-RESISTED PLAN: This diagrammatic picture shows by means of a dotted line how the proposed road from the Bourse du Commerce to the Avenue de l'Opéra would cut right through the Palais-Royal. In answer to a storm of protest the architects have suggested building a subway beneath the Palais-Royal, but this has also met with overwhelming opposition from the general public

PARIS

Last year Alexander Watt wrote an article in "The Sphere" in which he described the constitution of the various architectural councils which watch over building development in Paris, and now he continues his observations, elaborating particularly on some of the latest demolition schemes which have aroused the ire of lovers of old Paris.

DRASTIC and vandalistic measures are being planned. One scheme under consideration is that of constructing a new street which will directly connect the Bourse du Commerce with the Avenue de l'Opéra. Recently published plans indicate that the proposed thoroughfare would cut right through the middle of the Palais-Royal. This would mean the complete ruin of the imposing architecture of one of the sites directly connected with the most momentous period in the history of France. Determined, it seems, to carry through their project the architects have proposed an alternative scheme of constructing a subway under the Palais-Royal. But public indignation at the suggestion even of any such designs is such that none of these, it may be assured, will ever be undertaken. This is by no means the first time that such a scheme has been proposed. In 1904, Eugene Hénard published a series of plans for the transformation of Paris and suggested the construction of a street that would likewise necessitate the subdivision of the Palais-Royal.

A month or two ago there appeared in a number of Paris papers and reviews detailed descriptions (with plans) of a vast scheme for disembowelling the historic Saint-Germain area, situated behind the Institut. It was maintained that present-day traffic congestion necessitated the demolition of some of the old-time squares and the widening of several intimate old streets in this ancient quarter of Paris. In support of their disastrous designs the architects concerned pointed out that they were, after all, only carrying out one of Baron Haussmann's projects (the man who, at one and the same time, did so much good and so much harm to the architecture of Paris). But, instead of constructing yet another bridge across the very point of the Ile de la Cité, by the Pont-Neuf (which, anyway, according to Haussmann's plans, would have completely marred this wonderful perspective), it was suggested that a subway should be constructed leading right into the centre of Les Halles.

The obvious impracticability and enormous expenditure made such a scheme impossible. Yet it was announced that many of the blocks of buildings in the Saint-Germain area had already been bought up by the municipality. Apart from the fact, however, that the body responsible for having acquired all this valuable landed property has not sufficient powers to carry through any such city replanning, the citizens of Paris would never have permitted it.

Another quarter ancient with historic memories is that of the Place des Victoires. There are six streets leading directly on to this square, three of which are very narrow and do not permit a rapid enough circulation of traffic north and west to the busy centre of the city. Plans have been put forward for the widening of these thoroughfares. This, however, will necessitate the entire reconstruction of certain seventeenth-century buildings giving on to the square. The Place des Victoires, dominated by the monumental statue of Louis XIV (ridiculed by Rowlandson in one of his caricatures), is one of the historic classified sites of Paris.

Here then are provisions for the drastic replanning of three of the most historic sites of Paris. None of them are at all likely to take place. Apart from the many regulations that govern the city-planning of Paris (enumerated in an article published in THE SPHERE, January 15, 1938), and which, to a great extent, would hinder the execution of any such schemes, there is a further obstacle to be overcome—that of public opinion. Numerous organisations, councils, and art and architectural publications are constantly on the watch and ready to rouse public protest against the suggestion even of any such vandalistic measures. Public opinion counts for so much in France that there exists a law whereby any important project of city-planning must be proclaimed by Government decree inviting the citizen's criticism of the scheme and his reasons (if any) for protestation.

The lay critic is asked, during a limited period, to visit his local town hall, and there set down in writing his reasons for objecting to the proposed architectural revisions. The protest of the Paris public will save the Palais-Royal. In London, public opinion is given no hearing (it has no voice, anyway); that is why we have lost the Adelphi, Berkeley Square, Regent Street, Park Lane, etc.

LA PLACE DES VICTOIRES AS ROWLANDSON PICTURED IT: A famous caricature showing this centre of Parisian life before the Revolution. If certain town-planners have their way there may be big changes there and some very fine seventeenth-century buildings may have to come down

The lay critic is asked, during a limited period, to visit his local town hall, and there set down in writing his reasons for objecting to the proposed architectural revisions. The protest of the Paris public will save the Palais-Royal. In London, public opinion is given no hearing (it has no voice, anyway); that is why we have lost the Adelphi, Berkeley Square, Regent Street, Park Lane, etc.

What is perhaps more significant still is public animadversion whenever a suggestion is made for the demolition or transformation of some classified, or even unclassified, monument. There exist few finer and more complete examples in France of a small town uniformly built in the Renaissance style than that of Vitry-le-François, about 170 kilometres due east of Paris. The whole of this charming town was constructed during the sixteenth century according to the plans of Marini.

Entrance to the main street is made from a bridge across the river Marne and through a monumental gateway. This was built during the eighteenth century and, although a later addition to the architecture of Vitry-le-François, it harmonises perfectly with the buildings which it guards. The gateway, however, measures hardly 3½ metres wide and so presents an obstacle to the busy traffic on the Paris-Strasbourg route. To overcome this obstruction it was boldly made known that the [illegible] be pulled [illegible] but public protest

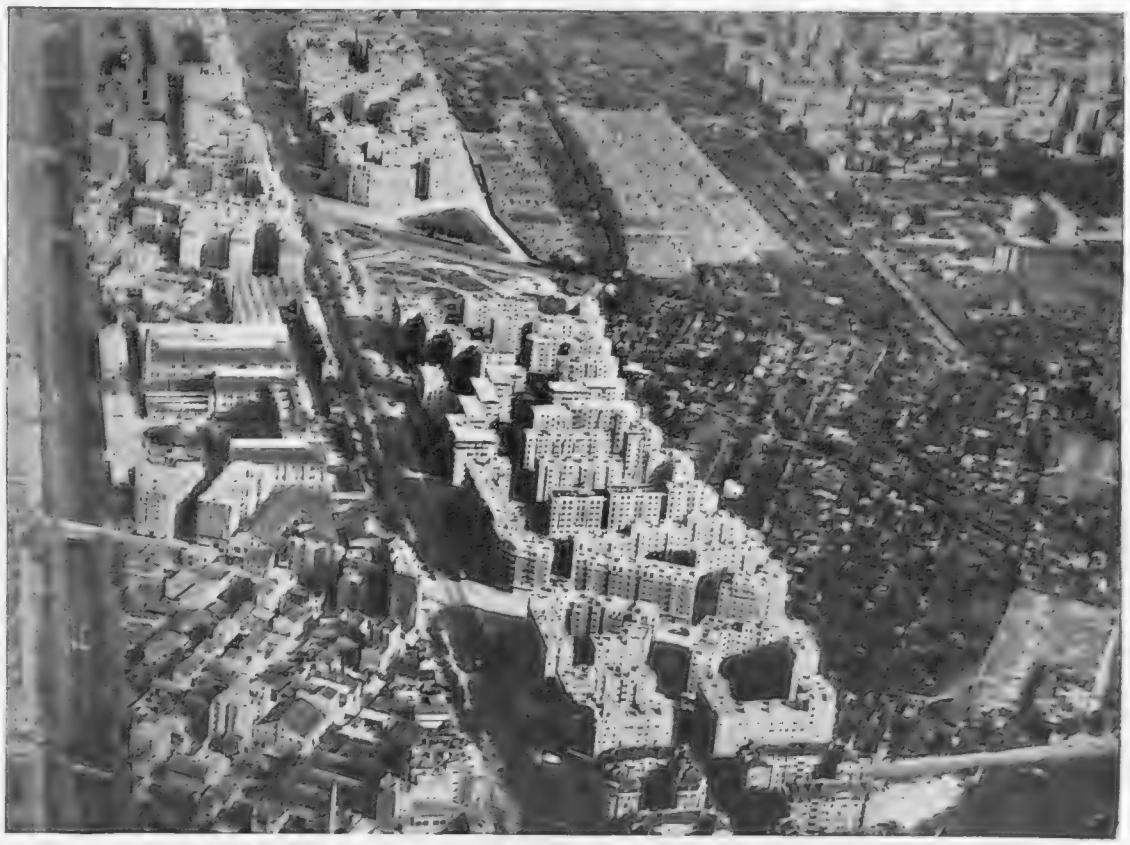
GUARDS HER SILHOUETTE:

No Matter What the Builders Plan and Say, it is Always the Architectural Councils and the Public that Have the Last Words in Matters of Taste

was such that it was then proposed to reconstruct the monument about 150 metres distant, in the direction of Paris, in the middle of a large circus. The traffic would thus have a rapid circulation round and not through the narrow Louis XV gateway. The second scheme, however, is no less disastrous than the first, for the removal of this stately gateway from its present original site would upset the perfect architectural equilibrium balanced by the Town Hall building situated at the other end of the main street.

The Ministry of War and the Ministry of Public Works seem particularly anxious to demolish this elegant example of eighteenth-century architecture so as to permit easy passage through the town both of the regular heavy traffic and (in case of emergency) of military convoys on this strategic route. So long, however, as the gateway continued to be recognised as a classified monument, there was little fear of its being pulled down for these purposes. But, to the consternation of many, it was recently learnt that it no longer figured on the long list of the classified monuments of France. Hence the controversy that has been raging of late concerning the fate of the historic gateway of Vitry-le-François. The public have now suggested the widening of the bridge or, better still, the construction of a traffic road skirting the town. At the same time efforts are being made to have the monument definitely re-classified. The public, it is almost certain, will win.

By
ALEXANDER WATT



SCENE OF MOMENTOUS CHANGES: An aerial view of Paris showing blocks of flats which have been set up on the site of the old fortifications. The poorer dwellings on the right are to be demolished to provide a new green belt

It is evident that not only do there exist efficient and conscientious official bodies who devote themselves to the preservation of ancient buildings and sites in historic Paris but that public opinion markedly asserts itself throughout France. In my first article, "Paris guards her Silhouette," I referred to the various institutions responsible for safeguarding this ... This time I poi...
(just as there likewise
no counterpart in England and ... ...,

...eenly invited, will abet the ...listic ravages of (what re- ...ns of) London's former architecture. Famous houses are demolished, historic squares are destroyed to give place to the most banal examples of "modern architecture" right in the heart of historic London. Existing regulations prohibit any such devastating attacks in the centre of Paris.

A new building of unusual size must, therefore, be constructed outside of the centre of the city. This explains why the new churches, medical centres, schools and public institutions are all being built near the exterior boulevards and outside of Paris. It is significant that the only construction work of any magnitude or importance actually being carried out in the interior of Paris is the rebuilding of the Banque de France and the extension of Les Halles, the central market of Paris, which has always been extremely limited for space.

Thus it is that the monumental perspectives and the historic quarters of Paris remain untouched. The mere proposal of any architectural replanning of the classified sites has first to meet with the all-powerful approval of both officially appointed councils *and* public opinion.

In his first article on this subject, it may be remembered, Mr. Watt described the various organisations pledged to the defence of Paris buildings. "Paris, the international art centre of the world," he said, "is justly proud of its historic buildings, sites, streets, squares, and monumental perspectives—heritage of successive great periods of French architecture. City planning in the French capital is most carefully supervised, ancient buildings being preserved and kept in good repair by the constant vigilance of a number of local councils and committees. There also exist several official and semi-official organisations which devote themselves solely to this end and try to ensure that every rule and regulation concerning the preservation of historic monuments and the erection of modern buildings is strictly adhered to. Thus the architecture of Paris has a pleasing uniformity, and at the same time the historic and aesthetic significance of individual buildings receives due consideration.

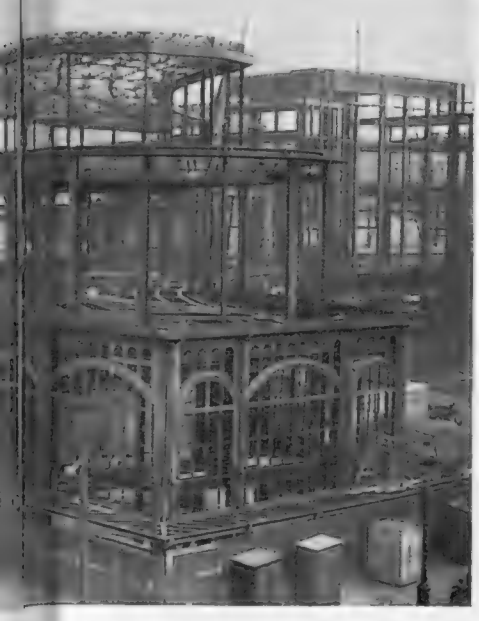
"In Paris, and in any town of importance, a conflict is continually in progress between two parties actively interested in the problem of town planning: those who would see the preservation of historic buildings and sites (even though they may not serve any fixed purpose) from an aesthetic point of view; and the artists who create, the architects, who, naturally enough, insist that they be allowed to construct their buildings in place of houses of no specific value.

"Who decides with regard to such matters? Who supervises and enriches or, maybe, impoverishes the architecture of Paris? There is no definite reply to these questions, for one single administration does not exist.

"Indeed, the conflict between the architectural aesthete and creator is held in check by a number of official councils appointed by the Government: Le Conseil général des Bâtiments civils, Le Comité consultatif d'architecture, La Direction générale des Beaux-Arts, La Commission ministérielle des Perspectives monumentales, La Commission des Monuments historiques, La Commission municipale de Vieux Paris.

ATTEMPTED VANDALISM: *Above* is the monumental Louis XV gateway to the little town of Vitry-le-François and *on the right* is the equally notable companion gateway which was built in the eighteenth century and which the French Government is threatening to demolish

Below—A WORTHY PROJECT: The steel skeleton of the extension to Les Halles, the central market of Paris. The extension will relieve conditions of serious congestion



THE GIANT HOUSING SCHEME AT DRANCY, near Le Bourget (away from the city proper), strikes a dramatic note with these towers, so placed that they cast their shadows away from and never across the much lower buildings which link them together

DISCUSSING NORTH AFRICAN AFFAIRS: M. Camille Chautemps (centre), the former French Premier, with members of the High Mediterranean Committee over which he presided a few days ago. In the foreground towards the right is M. le Beau, Governor of Algeria

TRENDS in TUNIS

An Eye-witness Account of Current Conditions in the French Colony to which Italy Has Been Laying Claim

By HARRY J. GREENWALL

TUNIS

HISTORY is made so quickly nowadays that our memories are inclined to shorten, and we forget sometimes that this Montague and Capulet warfare in Tunisia is no Franco-Italian quarrel of yesterday and to-day, but an age-old quarrel which seems to boil over every few years. My on-the-spot investigations have shown me very definitely that this latest outburst, fanned by frenzied speech and even more frenzied printed word, is not a whit worse than what has gone before, except maybe that it now forms part of a much wider Mediterranean campaign than formerly.

There are few broken heads in Tunis but many broken windows; the heads are mending, but the windows stay broken, a mute but none the less eloquent Italian protest against the rush of patriotism of men whom the Italians, or, say, rather the Fascist leaders, insist on regarding as enemies. Between the individual Italian and the individual Frenchman in Tunis there is no quarrel at all. I have tried to discover whether the French or the Italians are numerically superior in this country, which is one-third the size of France and possesses a total population of 2,400,000. Even French textbooks published only a few years ago grant the Italians a slight numerical superiority. Now the French claim there are roughly 10,000 more of their nationals here than there are Italians. *Niente*, say the Italians, there are several thousand more of us. But what is the difference? For my part, I believe the two nationalities are about even.

Nevertheless, the fact remains that this is a French colony, with an Italian population of, say, 100,000. Is there any persecution of Italian nationals? Nary a one. In fact, the Italians enjoy many more privileges than we British do. Because of a French decree of 1921, we have lost about 50 per cent. of British nationals in Tunisia. There are some 15,000 Maltese in this country, and all of them were British subjects until this decree, against which the British Government protested. When the decree, making the children of foreigners born in this country French subjects, became law, we lost about 8,000 Britishers. But the Italians never lost a man, woman or child. They were treated under the most-favoured-nation law. This law still exists, but I think the Italians fear that the French may rescind the agreement. This agreement is a very fragile thing; it has to be renewed every three months.

What does the native Tunisian think of the squabble? Frankly, his sympathies are with the French, not perhaps because he likes the French any better than the Italians, but he thinks, and quite rightly, of his own interests. The Tunisian claims that the Italian is a clannish sort of fellow; an Italian will give a job to another Italian, but not to a Frenchman or to a native. The native feels that whereas the Frenchman does not compete with him in the labour market, the Italian does.

It is curious how the Italians do stick together, closer than the Scotch or the Jews. Since the coming of Fascism Italian nationalism has made this gathering of the Italian clan all the more remarkable. Immigration laws are strict here nowadays, and no Italian can land unless he is provided with a contract showing he has a job. When the contract is ended the Italian should leave the country, but he finds a compatriot who will make a statement that he has given him a job, and the Italian stays, even if the job is a myth.

A very curious feature arising out of the quarrel is about to happen. Although many of the Italians own land, the large majority of the Italian population is casual labour, and there is much poverty. The quarter of Tunis known locally as "Little Sicily" shows just as much poverty, to say the least, as the poor native quarter does. Until recently, the well-to-do Italians helped their poorer brethren, but practically all the well-to-do Italians in Tunisia are Jews. It is an established fact that 10 per cent. of the Italians in Tunisia are Jews. As a result of the recent anti-Semitic campaign in Italy, which spread to Tunis, the Italian Jews have withdrawn their support from local Italian charities. Jewish doctors have had to resign from the Italian hospitals in Tunis, and the Jewish chairman of the Italian Credit Bank of Tunis has also resigned.

Incidentally, the situation is not made any easier by the fact that all the leading French language newspapers in Tunis are either Jewish owned or Jewish edited.

The Italians claim that the French will not allow them to extend the number of their schools. There are twenty-one so-called "royal" schools which date back to the time of the King of Sardinia; there are very many private schools also. The French state there are sufficient Italian schools for the community. It is a fact, of course, that the French have used a heavier hand since the increase of Fascist propaganda in Tunis. The Italians allege that Tunis has become a centre for anti-Fascist propaganda. This is true. There is an anti-Fascist newspaper here, but there is also a French Communist newspaper and a Socialist newspaper. I believe that the French would not mind if a means could be found to put an end to the anti-Fascist campaign, but it is difficult, because Tunis is so close to Mussolini's *confino* on the island of Lipari, and many of the anti-Fascist leaders have escaped from the island.

A French grievance against the Italians is that every time they formed a musical society, or a hiking club, or any sort of social association, they have always been media for Fascist propaganda. The Italians do not deny this, but shrug their shoulders as much as to say: "We are at home here." There, I think, is the kernel of the whole question. Cannot a means be found for letting the Italians be at home but persuading them to stay here as citizens of Tunisia where they are earning a living? Left to themselves I do believe that the Italians would ask nothing better than to rest in peace and quietness but they are constantly being stirred up by propaganda.

Another French grievance against the Italians is that every Easter a number of missionaries come here from Italy, and they preach against naturalisation, French naturalisation of Italian subjects, and that they even try to persuade those who have strayed from the Italian flock to return. It is a question of fact that roughly 1,000 Italians apply every year for French naturalisation and not all of them because it is a step towards making more money.

With the tightening up on emigration from Italy, there has been an increase of clandestine landings on the shores of Tunis. Relatives here make arrangements to be at a certain spot at a certain time, and Italians land from small sailing ships. It occurs to me, as very likely it will occur to you, that Italians who take all this risk and trouble to leave Italy to come to Tunis must have fairly good reasons for doing so, and they are not the least likely to be among those present when Signor Mussolini calls the roll.

Among the disadvantages from which the Italians in Tunis suffer is that they are not allowed to plead in the Tunisian law courts unless they have passed French legal examinations. The French answer to this grievance is that there was such an invasion of lawyers from Italy that French lawyers were being driven out of practice. The Italian lawyers therefore had a choice of sitting for French legal examinations, or taking law cases but engaging a French lawyer to plead for them.

Since the passing of this decree concerning legal pleading, young Italians seem to have drifted away from the law to enter other professions against which there is no ban. An Italian doctor, chemist, architect or any other professional practitioner except the legal may freely exercise his profession without having to obtain a French degree, and on the whole he is able to make an adequate livelihood in the colony.

The Italians have been so busily engaged on propaganda that they have easily outdistanced the French, both in Tunis and abroad. The French have been caught by surprise and suffer by having to rely on denials of Italian allegations, rather than on producing new facts which speak for themselves. The facts I have produced in this article have come to me either from personal investigation or else by cross-examining both the Montagues and the Capulets concerning each other's allegations, and then in extreme cases referring the matter to a neutral observer who from long practice, and perhaps because his own country is by no means disinterested in the trend of the quarrel, can be relied upon to give a ruling which leaves no possible room for doubt.

In minor matters it does seem to me that the French are inclined to be obstructionists, but undoubtedly their patience has been severely tried by ceaseless propaganda, which during the past weeks has stopped being subtle but become clumsy and trying.

I regret that in this picture of Tunis to-day I have not found room for a very picturesque personage, no other than the Bey of Tunis, who is the titular ruler of the country, with a Civil List of nearly 10,000,000 francs a year, which is about £50,000 a year in English money. He has plenty of time to spend it, because he is not allowed to rule, and even the quaintly-named Minister of the Pen has been made the secretary of one of the French civil servants.

WHERE THE FRENCH NAVY KEEPS WATCH AND WARD: French sailors on a country road outside the Tunisian naval base of Bizerta, when engaged on land manœuvres. Bizerta is well fortified, and it has need to be, for it lies within a very short flight of Italy who regards it as one of the most important strategic points in the Mediterranean

SCOTTISH ART THROUGH THE CENTURIES

A Special Section of "The Sphere" Illustrating the Royal Academy Winter Art Exhibition at Burlington House

BY THE EARLIEST SCOTTISH ARTIST OF NOTE: George Jamesone's self-portrait is one of the many outstanding but not widely known pictures in the Royal Academy Exhibition of Scottish Art which opened this week at Burlington House. The artist depicts himself in his hat, a reminder of the fact that, when he was painting Charles I, the King allowed him to remain covered as a special privilege. Jamesone was born in Aberdeen about the year 1588, and, according to tradition, he studied under Rubens in Antwerp where he was a fellow-pupil with Van Dyck. He returned to Scotland in 1620 and speedily acquired a large practice as a portrait painter

"THE COUNTESS MARISCHAL" . . .

"THE 2nd MARQUESS OF HUNTLY" . . .

Two more portraits by George Jamesone in the Royal Academy Exhibition of Scottish Art. Both pictures evidence Jamesone's habit of portraying his sitters with curiously elongated noses drooping at the end, a mannerism that recurs in quite a large proportion of his work. The 2nd Marquess of Huntly, subject of the picture on the right, distinguished himself by his zeal in the royal cause during the civil war and was beheaded in 1649, the same year that his master, Charles I, went to the scaffold

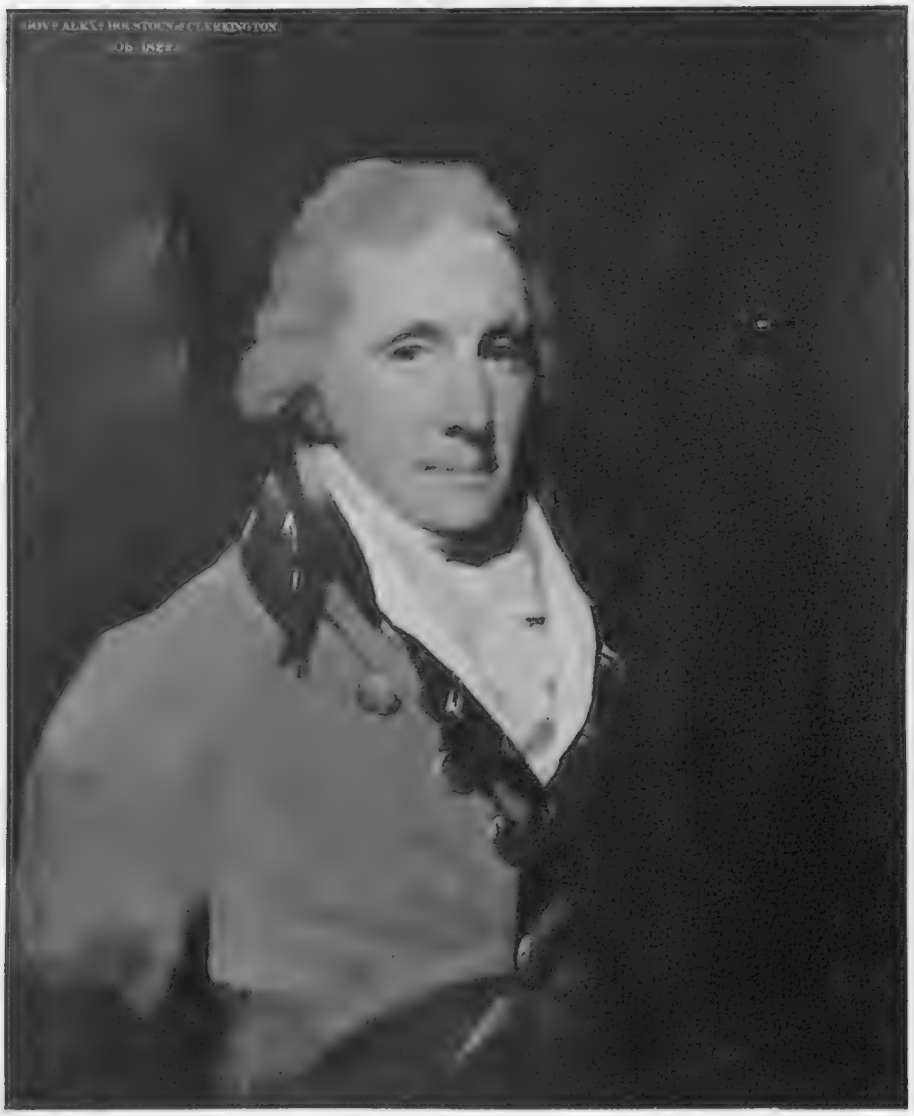
ALLAN RAMSAY AND RAEBURN: SCOTLAND'S PROLIFIC PORTRAITISTS

Lent by Lord Craigmyle

"MRS. YOUNG": A fine example of the work of Allan Ramsay (1713-1784), whose magnificent portraits have been given a room to themselves at the Royal Academy Exhibition of Scottish Art. Ramsay was one of the most prolific painters of his time and, in the opinion of Walpole, he exceeded Reynolds as a portrayer of women. Ramsay was a member of Dr. Johnson's circle

Lent by Flora, Mrs. Macleod of Macleod

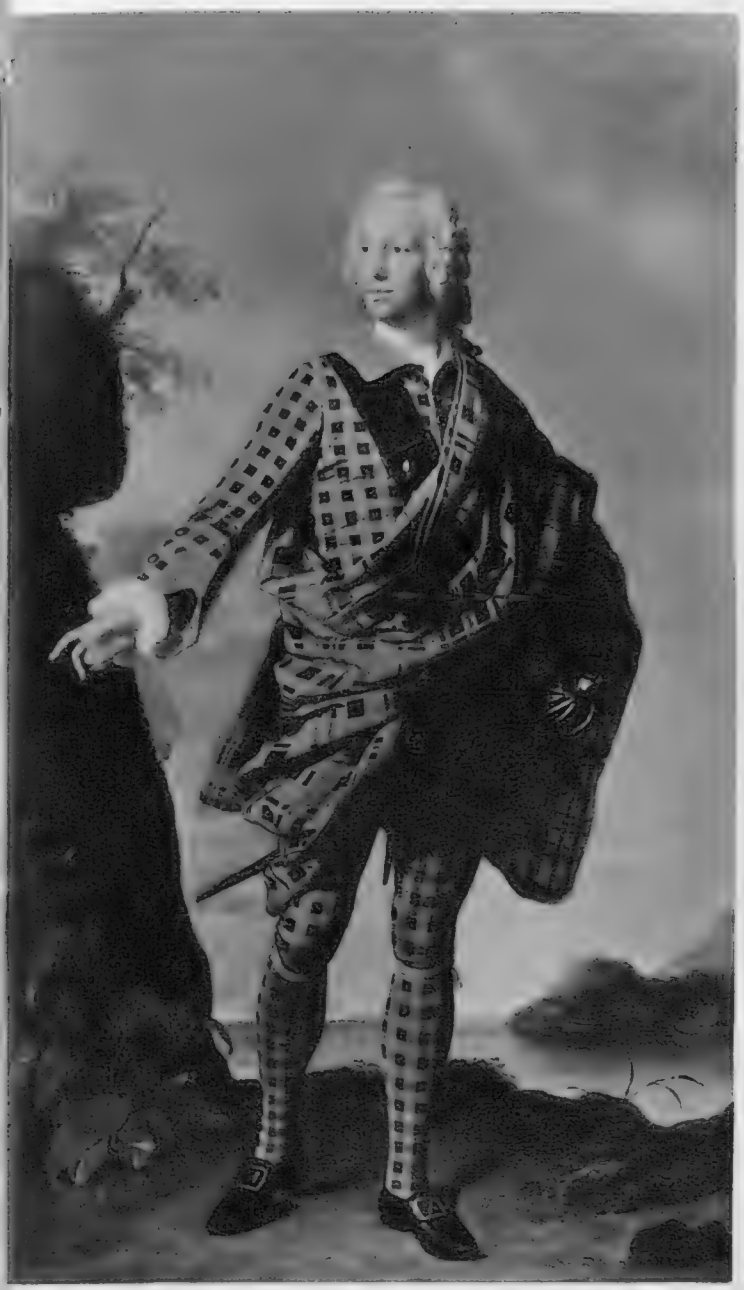
"ANN, 2ND WIFE OF NORMAN, 22ND CHIEF OF MACLEOD": Another striking piece of feminine portraiture by Ramsay. With the accession of George III his favour with the Court reached its peak, and in 1767 he succeeded John Shackleton as leading portrait painter to the King



Lent by the National Gallery of Scotland

"MRS. SCOTT MONCRIEFF": Sir Henry Raeburn's confident, flowing method of painting, which scorned such things as preliminary sketches, is well exemplified in this portrait which is among the thirty-nine Raeburns displayed in a special room at the Royal Academy and representing the best collection of his work ever seen together in one place. *On left*—Raeburn's portrait of "Alex. Houston of Clerkington" (lent by Andrew T. Reid, Esq.) is another splendid study that is attracting admiring attention in the galleries of Burlington House. Unlike Ramsay, Raeburn painted more men than women

SOME OUTSTANDING WORKS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION OF SCOTTISH ART: TWO PAINTERS TO THE COURT WHO PROFOUNDLY INFLUENCED BRITISH ART



Lent by Flora, Mrs. Macleod of Macleod

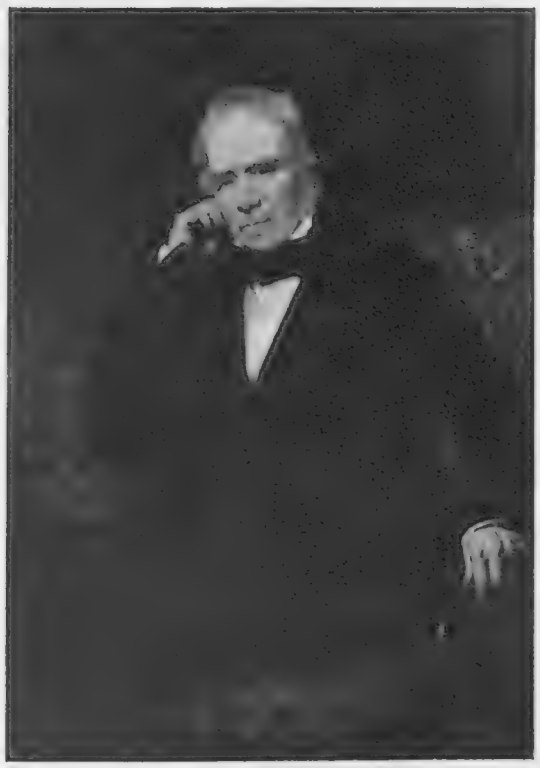
"NORMAN, 22ND CHIEF OF MACLEOD": A companion portrait to that reproduced on the left. It comes from Dunvegan Castle, Skye. The chief is shown in trews, not of tartan but of red and black diced cloth, worn after the rebellion of the '45 when the tartan was proscribed

Lent by the National Gallery of Scotland

"FLORA MACDONALD": Another typical work by Allan Ramsay. "As a painter," wrote Austin Dobson, "his merits lie rather in the even level of accomplishment than in supreme excellence in any one quality. His portraits are unaffected likenesses of his sitters by an artist who has clearly mastered all the methods of his craft and whose point of view is that of a gentleman"

Lent by the Royal Academy of Arts

"BOY AND RABBIT": An appealing child study by Raeburn, whose brilliant flowing brushwork and well-balanced conceptions made him one of the great portraitists of an age when personalities were of more interest than things and the portraitist stood in high favour with the Court and with the people. He has been compared, not without good reason, both to Velasquez and Sargent. There is no doubt that he had a fine eye for the character and structure of a head. *On right*—Raeburn's well-balanced portrait of Sir Walter Scott (lent by the Duke of Buccleuch) shows the great novelist in a suitably romantic landscape setting



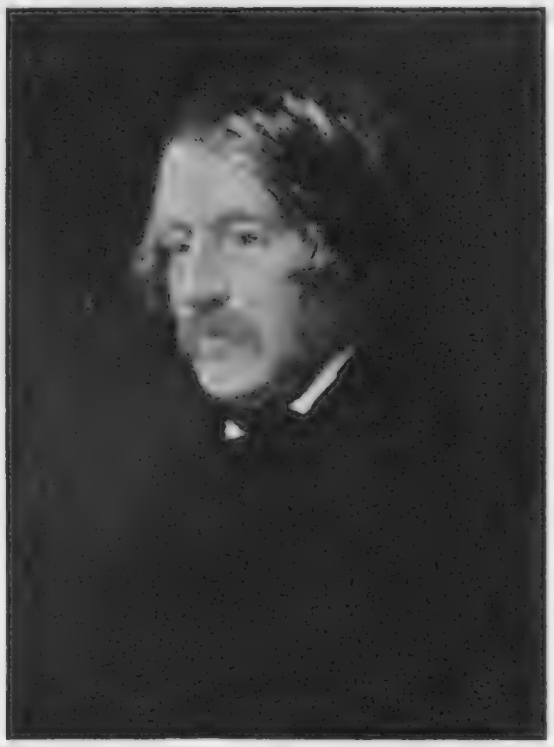
Lent by Captain James F. N. Houldsworth
"HENRY HOULDSWORTH OF COLTNESS," BY SIR JOHN WATSON GORDON, the leading portraitist in Scotland after the death of Raeburn. Many distinguished Englishmen crossed the border to sit for him

Lent by the National Portrait Gallery of Scotland
"SIR WALTER SCOTT," BY ANDREW GEDDES: The artist was a contemporary of Watson Gordon and might have succeeded Raeburn as leading Scottish portraitist, but he preferred to live in London

Lent by the Earl of Strathmore
"FRANCES DORA, COUNTESS OF STRATHMORE": An ancestor of the Queen as depicted by Robert Herdman (1830-1887), who excelled as a portraitist and also as a painter of subjects from Scottish history

Lent by Kenneth Sanderson, Esq.
"GEORGE MURDOCH," BY DAVID MARTIN: The artist was the son of a Fifeshire schoolmaster and became a pupil of Allan Ramsay, whom he accompanied to Rome. He worked very much in the style of Ramsay

Lent by the National Gallery of Scotland
"SELF-PORTRAIT," BY THOMAS DUNCAN (1807-45): With his keen appreciation of character and his sensitivity, Duncan proved a skilful portraitist and historical painter. As a colourist he was outstanding



Lent by Mr. and Mrs. A. Maitland
"HORATIO McCULLOCH," BY SIR DANIEL MACNEE (1806-82): This artist gained his reputation exclusively as a portraitist, which eventually won him the high office of President of the Scottish Academy

Lent by Renfrew County Council
"JAMES CALDWELL": A detail of a portrait by Sir James Guthrie (1859-1930), the modern Scottish portrait painter, whose work is now so highly rated. He was President of the Scottish Academy in 1902, and was knighted in the year following

Lent by Ghent Art Gallery
"SCHOOLMATES": A picture by Sir James Guthrie revealing the undoubted influence of French masters

Lent by Mr. and Mrs. A. Maitland
"THE VELVET CLOAK": A detail of a portrait by Guthrie, the Greenock-born painter who became the acknowledged leader of the Glasgow School. Two of his outstanding works are "Funeral Service in the Highlands" and "To Pastures New"

GORDON TO GUTHRIE

Scottish Portraiture Through The Centuries

SCOTLAND'S WEALTH OF ARTISTS

A Chronological Survey of the Outstanding Names in the Exhibition of Scottish Art now at Burlington House

RAEBURN, with his flowing genius and brilliant brushwork, Ramsay, the portraitist of prolific, consistent output, and Wilkie, an outstanding historical painter of his generation, are household names that stand out in the proud pageant of painting and, needless to say, they take their rightful place in the Royal Academy's Winter Exhibition of Scottish Art. A host of other Scots, however, have had a much more localised fame, and it is to be hoped that the present display, which remains open until March, will do much to bring their work a wider recognition. Such men as William Allan, Watson Gordon, Harvey, and Fettes Douglas were all fine craftsmen, as a visit to Burlington House will amply reveal, and it is good to know that they are at last coming more prominently before the public.

The following is a brief chronological survey of Scottish artists from George Jamesone, who flourished between 1588 and 1644, to Sir James Guthrie who was at the height of his powers in the early part of the present century.

"SELF-PORTRAIT"
By John Scougall
(*circa* 1654)

GEORGE JAMESONE (*circa 1588–1644*): Jamesone, one of the earliest British painters, was born in Aberdeen and is believed to have studied in the school of Rubens at Antwerp and to have been a fellow pupil with Van Dyck. In 1620 he was back in Aberdeen where he found, both among the Covenanters and the Cavaliers, many to sit to him for their portraits, and as his landscape and historical works were not appreciated he kept steadfastly to portraiture. Jamesone's fame soon spread and he removed to Edinburgh where he met with equal success. Indeed, he was held in such high regard that, when Charles I visited the city in 1633, the magistrates collected as many portraits by Jamesone as they could and hung them on either side of the Netherbow Port through which the royal procession passed. The King was so struck with the artist's skill that he gave him a sitting. Bryan's Dictionary comments on the fact that Jamesone is very meagrely represented in national collections, but that his works are to be found in many private houses in Scotland.

"THE HON. MARY ELIZABETH BROWNE"
By J. Michael Wright
(1627–1700)

JOHN SCOUGALL (*mid-seventeenth century*): Much obscurity surrounds this Scottish painter's history. He is supposed to have been a native of Leith and a favourite of James VI who, tradition relates, rewarded him with a ring for a portrait he painted of Prince Henry. There is a self-portrait in the Scottish National Gallery.

"PORTRAIT"
By W. G. Ferguson
(1633–1695)

JOSEPH MICHAEL WRIGHT (*circa 1627–1700*): He was taught by Jamesone and at an early age migrated to England where he obtained a good practice. After a sojourn in Italy, where he was elected a member of the Florence Academy, he returned home and painted many sitters of eminence during the Restoration period. As a portraitist he was regarded by most of his contemporaries as second only to Lely, but Pepys spoke ill of him. His nephew of the same name was also a portrait painter.

WILLIAM GOUW FERGUSON (*1633 ?–1695 ?*): A painter of still life who travelled widely in France and Italy and for a time lived at The Hague in a house for which he partly paid by painting one picture every year for the proprietor. There are good examples of his work in Amsterdam and Berlin.

THOMAS MURRAY (*1666–1724*): At an early age he came to London, becoming a pupil of John Riley when that master was painter to William and Mary. Murray painted the portraits of the Royal Family and many of the principal nobility.

"WILLIAM HAMILTON OF BANGOUR"
By Gavin Hamilton
(1730–1797)

WILLIAM AIKMAN (*1682–1731*): He studied under Sir J. Medina, practised in Edinburgh, and painted portraits of Allan Ramsay and Thomson (whom he assisted). Aikman modelled his style on Kneller.

JEREMIAH DAVIDSON (*1695 ?–1745*): He was born in England of Scottish parents and had a large practice both in Edinburgh and London. Among his sitters were Frederick, Prince of Wales, and Admiral Byng.

ALLAN RAMSAY (*1713–1784*): This artist was the eldest child of Allan Ramsay, the poet, and was born in Edinburgh. When he was about twenty he came to London and by 1760 was highly in request as a portraitist, being preferred even to Reynolds as regards feminine studies. With the accession of George III his favour with the Court increased, so much so indeed that in 1767 he succeeded John Shackleton as portrait painter to the King, an appointment, says Austin Dobson, "that had the effect of turning his studio into a manufactory of presentments of royal and official personages in which little but the head (often not even that) was executed by himself." Ramsay was a man of considerable culture, but as a painter his merits lay largely in the consistent quality of his work.

"LADY ANNE STEWART"
By Anne Forbes

"ANTHONY STUART"
By Andrew Geddes

GAVIN HAMILTON (*1730–1797*): He was born in Lanark and lived the greater part of his life in Rome. Hamilton was more distinguished for his promotion of the fine arts than for his skill as a painter.

ALEXANDER RUNCIMAN (*1736–1785*): Runciman was born in Edinburgh and served his apprenticeship as a coach painter, acquiring by dint of mere practice facility of hand and a sound sense of colour. His subsequent travels in Italy brought his draughtsmanship to maturity.

DAVID MARTIN (*1737–1798*): He studied under Allan Ramsay and became a successful portrait painter in Ramsay's style. He also achieved distinction as an engraver in mezzotint.

GEORGE WILLISON (*circa 1741–1797*): This portrait painter, who exhibited at the Royal Academy during the decade 1767–1777, was a grandson of John Willison, the Scottish divine who took a prominent part in the endeavour to prevent the schism caused by the seceders under Ebenezer Erskine.

DAVID ALLAN (*1744–1796*): Although his drolleries do not quite entitle him to the comparison, Allan is often called "The Scottish Hogarth." There is no doubt, however, about the comic humour of much of his work, while his historical paintings reach a high standard.

SIR HENRY RAEBURN (*1756–1823*): In a brief survey such as this it is not necessary to dwell at length on this great figure in Scottish painting who had the power of producing a telling and forcible likeness and commanded a respect in his own day that has scarcely diminished with the passing years. His right to a place among the great British masters cannot be contested, for the masculine power, the vitality, and the strength of his characterisation are such as to entitle him to the serious attention of all lovers of fine artistic achievement.

"SIR DAVID WILKIE"
A self-portrait

"ISOBEL EWING"
By John Graham-Gilbert

JOHN THOMAS SEATON (*1761–1806*): A skilful portrait painter. He was a member of the Incorporated Society of Artists.

SIR WILLIAM ALLAN (*1782–1850*): Allan was a lifelong friend of Wilkie, sharing his interest in foreign travel. He first went to Memel and afterwards to Russia where he filled his sketch books and was able to return to his own country with a rich store of material upon which to work. Allan was appointed President of the Royal Scottish Academy in 1838 following the death of George Watson.

ANDREW GEDDES (*circa 1789–1844*): Despite his father's opposition to his artistic leanings Geddes eventually came to London to join the Royal Academy Schools and from the age of twenty-three onwards he was a consistent exhibitor at the Royal Academy, to which he was elected Associate in 1832. Geddes was an able colourist, a close student of character, and a clever etcher. His self-portrait and several other portraits are in the National Gallery of Scotland.

"HENRY MACKENZIE"
By Colvin Smith
(1795–1875)

SIR DAVID WILKIE (*1785–1841*): His is one of the greater names in the history of Scottish painting and the details of his life require no elaboration here. Between 1825 and 1828 he travelled on the Continent and as a result exchanged the detailed handling, the delicate finish, and the reticent hues of his earlier work for a style distinguished by breadth of touch, largeness of effect, richness of tone, and full force of melting and powerful colour. The public did not approve of this sudden alteration, and history has endorsed the view, regarding Wilkie at his best as a genre painter. On technical grounds, however, there are many who aver that he was unduly criticised.

"DR. BARCLAY"
By John Syme
(1795–1861)

SIR JOHN WATSON GORDON (*1790–1864*): Gordon was the leading Scottish portrait painter after Raeburn's death. He was president of the Scottish Academy in 1850, and in the year following was elected a Royal Academician.

JOHN GRAHAM-GILBERT (*1794–1866*): A prolific portrait painter, who exhibited consistently at the Scottish Academy and occasionally at the Royal Academy.

JOHN SYME (*1795–1861*): A portrait painter and pupil of Sir Henry Raeburn. His nephew, Patrick, was a distinguished painter of flower subjects.

COLVIN SMITH (*1795–1875*): After studying in London and Rome he settled in Edinburgh where he practised with distinction. Scott was one of his sitters.

"HENRY LAUDER"
By Robert Scott Lauder
(1802–1869)

ROBERT SCOTT LAUDER (*1802–1869*): This artist will always be remembered for his picture "The Trial of Effie Deans." For some years he was principal teacher in the Drawing Academy of the Board of Trustees, Edinburgh.

SIR FRANCIS GRANT (*1810–1878*): He was born at Kilgraston, Perthshire, and after studying law decided to devote himself to painting, eventually becoming one of the most fashionable portraitists of his day. Among his sitters were Macaulay, Scott, Disraeli, and Palmerston.

SIR GEORGE HARVEY (*1806–1876*): In his eighteenth year he entered the Trustees' Academy at Edinburgh where he so distinguished himself that in 1826 he was invited by the Scottish artists, who had resolved to found a Scottish academy, to join as an associate. His best-known canvases are those depicting historical episodes in religious history from a puritan or evangelical point of view.

"THE MARQUIS OF LOTHIAN"
By Sir W. Q. Orchardson
(1835–1910)

DAVID SCOTT (*1806–1849*): An historical painter of distinction. One of his best known works is "Vasco da Gama Encountering the Spirit of the Storm," a picture immense in size and most powerful in conception.

SIR DANIEL MACNEE (*1806–1882*): He was first apprenticed to John Knox, a landscapist of some repute, and afterwards worked for a year as a lithographer, being employed to paint the ornamental lids of snuff boxes. On setting up a studio in Glasgow he very quickly earned a reputation. Macnee was beloved for his genial social qualities and his inimitable powers as a teller of Scottish anecdote.

WILLIAM DYCE (*1806–1864*): He was one of the most learned and accomplished of Scottish painters but "in his work," says one critic, "there was probably more of earnestness, right conception, and grave, sensitive, but rather restricted powers of realisation than there was

(*Continued on page* 30)

"IJSPRET":

AMSTERDAM TAKES TO SKATES: Citizens disporting on the Heerengracht, in normal times a busy canal thronged with barges, water taxis, and other craft. Armies of unemployed earned good money by sweeping away the snow in order to leave a clear passage for the skaters

CHRISTMASTIDE IN VOLENDAM: Peasant folk skating on the ice-covered harbour. The whole of the Zuider Zee was frozen over during the December frosts and the islands of Marken and Urk were provisioned first by air and later, when the ice thickened sufficiently, by sledge

WHEN Holland freezes over, every Dutchman flings his bicycle into its shed and pulls his skates out of the fat. For weeks on end he thinks of nothing else but the long, sharp irons (usually about four inches longer than the boots to which they are bound), which have retained their shape, curled at the toe like a Turkish slipper, since the days when Ruysdael painted his countrymen sliding merrily along the River Vecht and on the waters of the Zuider Zee.

The last few weeks have shown that Ruysdael's winters are not merely things of a happier past. Holland has been frozen over from the North Sea to the Rhine. The startling suddenness with which the frost fell on the land brought strange occurrences. The passenger boat from Amsterdam to the island of Urk became frozen in when only half way across. The passengers and crew waited on board until the provisions were up, and then set forth on foot, over the hummocky ice, with a high east wind blowing, to Urk.

Many fishing boats were unable to make port, and rescue parties, with sledges, were sent out from the mainland. Throughout the whole of the lowlands, farms and market gardens, always partially water-logged, became sheets of thick ice. Cabbages for market had first to be cut out of the ice. And then came the difficulty of transport. Eighty per cent. of Holland's home-grown foodstuffs are carried by water. In a night the water was gone and in its place was ice. For two or three days the ice-breakers succeeded in keeping open a passage for ships along the main rivers and canals, but the task got beyond them and they were soon themselves frozen in.

But no Dutchman worried. *Ijspret* had come again—the ice-joy that gives a Dutchman a chance to be his traditional self. In the big cities like Amsterdam offices and shops had to be content with a skeleton staff. The Amsterdammer came out of his front door, sat on the *stoep* to fix his skates, and there was his ice-rink right in front of him. The hundreds of canals which intersect the city were swept clear of snow by armies of unemployed who did very well out of the tips they received; and if you wanted to get from one part of the city to another the quickest way was on skates.

Over the Christmas holidays parties of young men and girls, with knapsacks on their backs, set out on long tours through the countryside, doing as much as 50 miles a day. From Amsterdam tours could be made in every direction, not always with easy ice, but with frequent passages, several miles in length, where the ice was like glass. On the miles of lake country known as the Loosdrechtsche Plassen, familiar to many English yachtsmen, crowds of skaters, including Prince Bernhard, debouched from canals which had carried them all the way from Amsterdam, Utrecht, and from as far afield as The Hague.

The frozen Zuider Zee—or Ijsselmeer as it is called now—could also be ridden. Volendam, Monnikendam, and the island of Marken were all accessible on skates, and hardy souls went even farther afield. At intervals along the tracks, which were kept free of snow by hundreds of sweepers, blazing braziers had been set up alongside tents and barrows where the skater could fortify himself with hot wine or bowls of steaming *erwtensoep*, a variety of thick pea-soup with sausage and pigs-trotters in it. Mixed up with the skaters from towns were baggy-trousered farmers or fishermen pushing sleighs in which their round, red-faced and gaily-mufflered children had been packed.

Naturally, long-distance racing is always a feature of the ice period in Holland.

The Spirit of Ice Joy Comes Once More to the Netherlands, and the Country Assumes the Aspect of One Huge Ice Rink

TOURING THE FROZEN WATERWAYS ON SKATES was one of the great joys of Amsterdam folk during the Christmas holidays, citizens being able to travel countless miles in this fashion

AN ICE RINK AT THEIR FRONT DOORS: On the great canals that intersect Amsterdam, the people have been enjoying themselves to the full, and for once the busy barges have lain idle, completely frozen up to their moorings

On Boxing Day a 60-mile race was held in North Holland, beginning at Alkmaar. But the classic long-distance race, over a track varying between 115 and 135 miles, is held in Friesland. This is the famous *Elfstedentocht*—"Eleven Towns Tour." It attracts all the well-known and would-be well-known skaters of Holland, and many from far beyond the Dutch frontiers. The entries received so far for the *Elfstedentocht* exceeds 700.

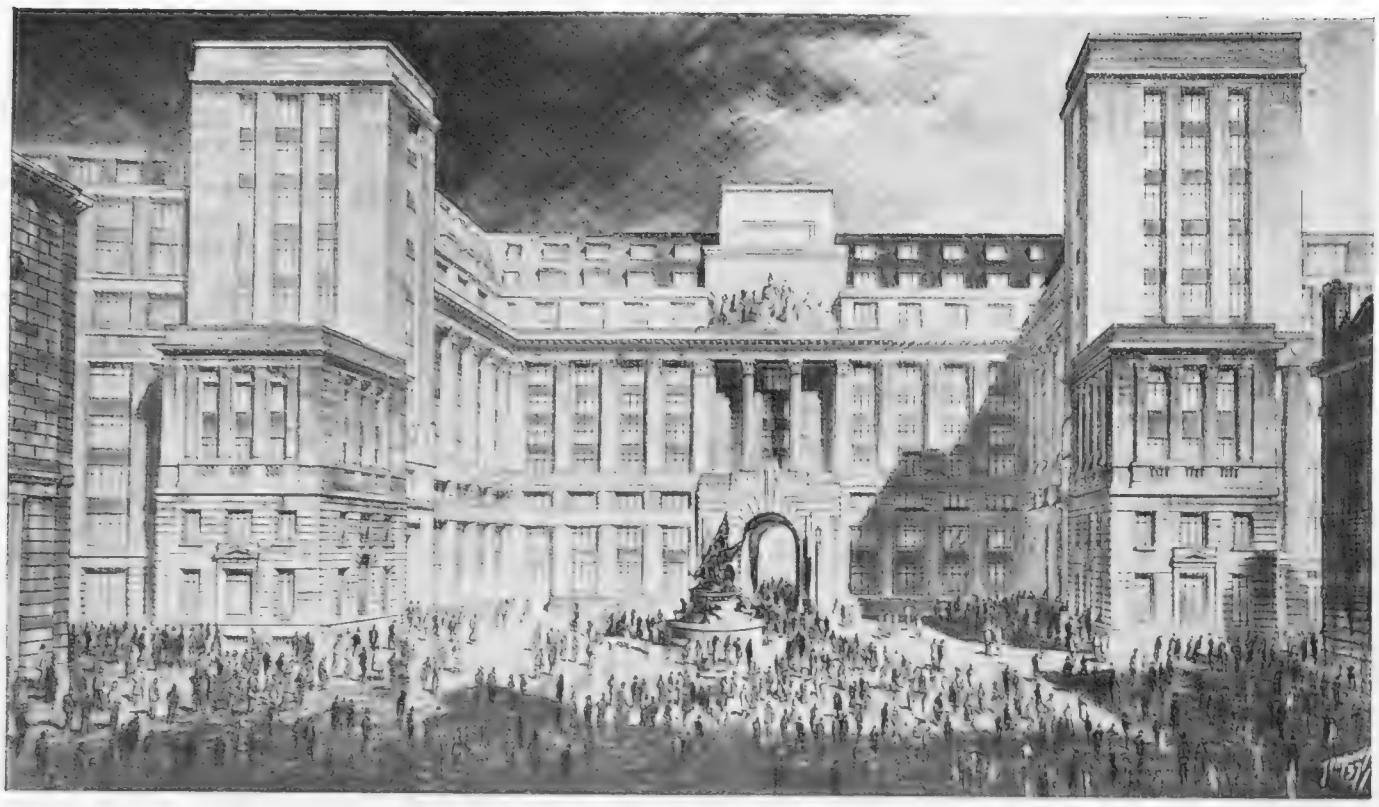
It is a terrific endurance test, especially as much of the track has to be ridden in complete or semi-darkness through regions as often as not unknown to the skater. Should a sharp east wind be blowing, the rigours of the tour become even more exacting. On the last occasion the race was run, less than half those who started were able to finish the course, and that half arrived at the finishing post in severe conditions of exhaustion and frostbite.

The race begins at about 4.30 a.m. and finishes, as a rule, between midnight and 2 a.m. The route this year is from Leeuwarden, via the towns of Sneek, Ijlst, Sloten, Stavoren, Hinderloopen, Workum, Bolsward, Harlingen, Franeker, and Dokkum back to Leeuwarden.

The race this year has become possible thanks to the generosity of Queen Wilhelmina. The Government refused to give the Municipalities of Friesland authorisation to put the unemployed to work sweeping the snow off the route of the "Eleven Towns Tour." The Queen therefore made available for this purpose a sum up to £1,000, out of her private purse; and with this sum, so far, 900 kilometres of Friesland ice have been swept clear. The Queen is herself an enthusiastic skater, and, when not skating, takes advantage of the ice and snow to drive in her smart two-horse sleigh through the forests in the neighbourhood of The Hague, or among the woods of her favourite palace, Het Loo, near Appeldoorn.

R. E.

IN JACK FROST'S STEELY GRIP: A scene in the harbour of Volendam where the wind lashed the Zuider Zee into great waves which sped ashore and froze instantly. The fishing boats, whose tall masts can be observed in the distance, were stuck fast and anyone approaching the quay had to walk with some caution. Off the German coast, near the Friesian Islands, the sea actually froze and several large cargo vessels were marooned. A picture of them will be found on page 11 of this issue



THE NEW LIVERPOOL EXCHANGE: An architect's drawing showing how the great building will appear when completed in three years' time. It is costing between £1,000,000 and £1,250,000. The architects are Messrs. Gunton and Gunton

LIVERPOOL BUILDS A MIGHTY NEW EXCHANGE

Memories of the Old Building Where Economic History Was So Often Made

IT is amazing how a revolution can take place in the heart of a great city so gradually that its citizens appear unaware of what is happening. Yet a stranger, a visitor, such as myself, pauses in amazement. I stopped dead in my tracks when I found myself gazing up at a fine ten-storey building replacing one wing of what was the famous Liverpool Exchange. Within three years the whole of the old buildings will have disappeared and, at a cost of between £1,000,000 and £1,250,000, a magnificent new edifice will be housing between 3,000 and 4,000 people, instead of the present 1,000.

And the offices, in a city which is not rich in fine buildings (they seem to prefer to cling to rather small, draughty, dark rooms, many of them underground), will be the last word in efficient modernity.

But what a world of history has been and is being swept away; for the Liverpool Exchange, the Flags, the newsroom, are famous throughout the Empire and the whole world. I should explain here that the Flags (derivation of the name unknown) is the big courtyard of a three-sided building where trading went on in the old days. I suggest that while Flags is now a tarred surface, at one time it was paved with flagstones. Certain it is that it is part of the Liverpool Exchange and even now the public could be prevented from smoking on the Flags as they stroll across.

I am indebted to the genial secretary of the Liverpool Exchange Company, Fred Irving, for much of the history of the old building and details of the new, and also to Reginald Potter, of the Eagle Star and British Dominions Insurance Company, for a tour of the underground underworld which exists beneath the exchange.

Mr. Potter, who has spent his business life in Liverpool, is an authority. It is on his word that I state that the Liverpool hub of business, transacting deals to the value of hundreds of millions of pounds a year, can be bounded, and is, within an area a quarter of a mile square, as compared with the City of London's so-called "Square Mile." In this area are branches of almost every bank, and no less than seventy offices of insurance companies, including the most powerful in the world, the Liverpool and London and Globe, and the Royal, which have the same joint Managing Directors, Mr. J. Dyer Simpson and Mr. F. J. Williams, who are truly kings of insurance.

But to get back to the exchange itself.

Mr. Potter led me from his office down to the cellars, which run for a long way under the Flags—in fact you could get lost in them. There are cell-like entrances by the hundred, some now used for storage, some for coal. But they had a grimmer purpose originally. Less than 100 years ago they held slaves, black and white, male and female, who were openly sold by traders. Just across the way is the office of the Atlas Insurance Company.

Now closed up are more cellars, underneath great arched affairs, where slaves were chained to the walls by huge iron rings. The manager showed me these grim relics—in latter years used as wine cellars.

That is a grim subject. Let us turn to the great snowball battle of January, 1854, which was a more cheerful affair. It was held on the Flags, which will still remain when the modern building is completed. It was between the cotton brokers and share brokers. At that time they were both in the same building. Now the Stock Exchange is some 50 yards away.

I cannot do better than quote a contemporary account in part (*Illustrated London News* of January 14, 1854). Note the wording:—

"An amusing scene was transacted on 'Change at Liverpool, when the cotton brokers and share brokers, between whom there is frequently a good deal of harmless raillery, having no London papers to read, commenced a regular snowball battle which lasted nearly two hours. The contest commenced about two o'clock and did not terminate until nearly four. For some time the battle raged with great waste of ammunition, and the victory seemed doubtful. The snowballs flew in all directions, in some cases infringing somewhat disagreeably on the faces of combatants (*sic*).

"Many fell in the conflict from the effects of blows or from the slippery state of the ground, but nothing daunted rose again and renewed the fight. Hats were trodden underfoot, many of them being so disfigured that they could not be identified by their owners."

So it goes on. Ammunition prepared in relays. The sturdy Lancashire men, the cotton brokers, apparently winning, but a rally from the burly share brokers almost routing their opponents "with considerable havoc." There were several panes of glass smashed, but no ill-will, and a member of the Health Committee who found a snowball flying through the window while he was making an address was upset for a moment and then carried on.

In the end the chief constable, Capt. Grieg, arrived, but his hat was immediately knocked off by a snowball, and his posse became the common objective. Several of the principal brokers were later arrested and marched amid cheers to the police station. And so the fight ended.

But come with me under the Flags again for a minute. There in an underground passage that never sees the light of day is the most curious shop in the country. I doubt if many people in Liverpool have ever seen it, but it is a favourite rendezvous for office and messenger boys, and has been for generations. Behind its old-fashioned windows are sweets, chocolates, biscuits and ginger pop, with other "soft drinks." In fact it is the schoolboy's dream of a tuckshop.

THE OLD LIVERPOOL EXCHANGE which is now in course of demolition. Trading used to take place in the courtyard ("the Flags") and on one famous occasion the cotton and share brokers fought a tremendous snowball battle there lasting for a whole afternoon

NOT A SINGLE PILLAR TO BLOCK THE VIEW: The newsroom in the old exchange, where members once gathered to hear the latest tidings of cotton, tea, corn, and other prices. It was estimated that between 8,000 and 10,000 people could gather there at once

A new newsroom is being built. Here it was that at one time there were 3,000 members waiting to hear the news about cotton, tea, corn, and other prices. Here the deals were transacted. But telephones made it unnecessary for so many members to attend. Now there are only about 350 members. What a magnificent room it was. When, on August 9, 1937, the newsroom bell rang for closing for the last time, a chapter in history passed away.

Nobody seems to know exactly how many people could be held there, but it was between 8,000 and 10,000 and there *was not a single pillar to block the view*. Certainly the architect, Thomas Henry Wyatt, did a wonderful piece of work. Mafeking night probably saw the biggest crowd ever assembled there. I have studied a photograph and certainly there would appear to be 10,000 men, most of them in straw hats.

A feature of the room was the magnificent large glass dome. It was made of beautiful clear glass, but when it was time for the demolition it was found that the glass could not be put to any practical use. Alas, it was broken up by the blows of a workman's hammer. I feel it should have needed at least an oxy-acetylene blow-pipe.

When it came to taking up the flooring it was discovered that two apprentices had had their own laying ceremony. Beneath the timber floor was found a sealed bottle, and in it were the time-sheets. They were paid 1s. a day with 6d. extra for every 2½ hrs. overtime. They also added the following note:

"New Exchange Buildings. This Newsroom floor was completed February 20, 1867. Contractors, Messrs. Holme and Nicoll. Superintended by Mr. Arthur Cole and this last board laid by the two apprentices,

Ferdinando Cole.
Samuel W. Bennett."

On the reverse side of the sheet was written, "Good morning," and "Samuel Walter Bennett, West Seacombe Terrace, Seacombe, Cheshire, England. February 20, 1867.

"This is as bread cast upon the Waters which will be Found after Many Days thus saeth (*sic*) the Lord."

Well, it was found nearly 70 years later.

(*Continued on page* 30)

EUROPE'S WINTER PLAYGROUND: The St. Moritz Season Now in Full Swing

WONDER, ADMIRATION AND AWE are written on the countenances of these spectators as they watch the ski-jumping contest for the Morven Cup held on the Olympia Leap at St. Moritz, where the season is now in full swing

THE ACCORDIONS STRIKE UP A MERRY TUNE as the first tailing party of the season starts out from a St. Moritz hotel en route to the Lake of Sils. Over sixty guests joined in the fun. *On right*—A Swiss peasant entertaining visitors at a St. Moritz restaurant to a tune on his giant mountain horn

COVENT GARDEN GOES GAY: An instantaneous camera impression of the ballet in action in the pantomime *Red Riding Hood*, this year's big attraction in the home of opera. Nelson Keys (Mother Hubbard) and George Jackley (Simple Simon), he of the massive person and stentorian voice, head the cast and provide some admirable fooling

PANTO

The Christmas Singular Unan

PICTURE a comely principal boy, with a good voice, surrounded by stalwart men, also with good voices, singing olde-worlde songes with immense gusto. Imagine a comedian, fantastically attired, getting on intimate terms with the audience and saying of, or to, one member of it, "That man's looking at me through race-glasses. He seems to think I'm a horse." Later the comedian gets even more intimate, and after singing a verse of a boring ballad about a spreading chestnut tree, pleads to the audience to sing it with him, and they actually do. There you have some of the chief features of *Babes in the Wood* at Drury Lane, which is a good pantomime and likely to run until long after the children have been packed off to school again.

THE FLYING BALLET: These girls hurl themselves in breath-taking fashion right over the auditorium in the Covent Garden pantomime, *Red Riding Hood*, a spectacular show that is attracting bumper audiences. This is the first pantomime to be held at Covent Garden for many years and it is to be hoped it will be the forerunner of many more

At the first performance when all was going well one of the comedians, Mr. Jack Edge, took the bit between his teeth, as it were, and went on and on with his funniments until he seemed likely to reach the edge of beyond. To be exact, he lasted over twenty minutes as a single turn, including in his repertory the aforementioned chorus song, an elaborate narrative embodying the names of various newspapers and periodicals (many of them long since extinct), and a string of jokes either ancient or over-redolent of theatrical "shop," or both. A Lancashire accent, considered by so many to be so endearing in any comedian, did not prevent me from finding this generosity, which has since, I gather, been curbed, very tedious.

Infinitely more to my liking was the fun provided by Mr. G. S. Melvin, the "dame," who can link up the wild absurdities of female impersonation with skill as an actor. His is not the bland Charley's-auntish type of pantomime woman, but one of the prim and governessy brand, which makes him excel at drilling girl guides and running a girls' fitness-campaign class. And, like most really first-rate funny men, he can pop in a touch of pathos at times.

Miss Fay Compton's versatility is remarkable. Shakespeare, Barrie, musical-comedy, Dodie Smith, pantomime—she has shone brightly in them all. So clever an actress and a person of such infinite humour might have played a principal boy with the tongue in the cheek and over-much slapping of a shapely thigh—that is to say, she might have burlesqued it and enjoyed herself with the absurdities of Robin Hood at the risk of spoiling the enjoyment of the thousands who take such matters rather seriously and romantically.

Miss Compton is above all honest with her public; and so, too, is Miss Greta Fayne, although the part of Maid Marian is here a wretched one. Miss Moya Macqueen-Pope added new grace to the worn-out conventions of the Fairy Queen; she has youth, good looks and a pleasant and distinct speaking voice and she should go very far. The "babes" are played by a couple of pleasant kids (who at times seemed to transform themselves into a trio), and the young lady, Miss Lacey, who assumes comic incompetence when treading on a large white ball, made a name for herself in a night.

Lyceum Pantomime.—Picture a comely principal boy, with a good voice, surrounded by stalwart men, also with good voices, singing olde-worlde songes with immense gusto. Imagine a comedian, fantastically attired, getting on intimate terms with his audience and saying of, or to, one member of it, "That man's looking at me through race-glasses. He seems to think I'm a horse." Later the comedian gets even more intimate, and after singing a verse of a boring ballad about a spreading chestnut tree, pleads to the audience to sing it with him, and they actually do. There you have some of the chief features of *Queen of Hearts* at the Lyceum, which is a good pantomime and likely to run until long after the children have been packed off to school again.

The singular unanimity of thought and effort among the producers of pantomime thus saves me a certain amount of trouble. Differences between the Lane and the Lyceum are that the latter's "dame," Mr. Clarkson Rose (very funny indeed as a music-hall comedienne of the '90's), is more flamboyant in style than Mr. Melvin; that the knock-about brothers are called O'Gorman instead of Chevalier; that the principal boy does not sing quite so well as Miss Compton does; and that the story is, for pantomime purposes, rather a better one. Both shows have a long stretch of ballet, that at the Lyceum being longer

STUDY IN CHISELLING: Lucile Watson an *Young in Heart*, a Hollywood pictur Carleton family who mingle with hig their way by impudence and a touch in chief), Douglas Fairbanks, Jnr. (wh can pictures), and Paulette Goddar

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TIME:

Shows Reveal a imity of Effort

but the clothing of the two chief dancers more scanty. I do not remember seeing a man and a woman wear less on any English stage than this acrobatic couple.

Covent Garden Pantomime.—Except that Mr. George Jackley is loaded with that dreadful spreading chestnut tree song, which pursues me relentlessly from pantomime to pantomime, Covent Garden's *Red Riding Hood* strikes, on the whole, a new line for itself. Of the Big Three among the pantomimes—all of them good—this one is, I think, the best. In the first place it has Mr. Jackley, who is certainly the greatest living pantomime comedian and

By PHILIP PAGE

probably the greatest since Dan Leno (whose methods, incidentally, were quite different). His pantomime personality is that of a large, lovable, blundering fool of a man, eternally either surprised or indignant. In the huge opera house his stentorian speaking voice is one of the pantomime's most valuable assets; he himself has other assets and more subtle ones. Children warm to him at once and adore him, which is a sincere tribute; their shrill screams of warning when he is pursued by the Big Bad Wolf rang out with real anxiety. What he does in the summer time I do not know. I suggest that another great comic George, Mr. Robey, having played Falstaff, Mr. Jackley should play Bottom.

Covent Garden is a formidably large setting for the genius of Mr. Nelson Keys, which deals with exquisite miniatures of humour. As a Mother Hubbard who did not seem to be at all an old Mother Hubbard, he gallantly overcame most of the handicaps, and his mimicry hit the bull's eye every time. Miss Patricia Burke sang well and swaggered dashingly, and Miss Polly Ward made a sweetly little-girlish Red Riding Hood. More use might be made of that experienced comedian, Mr. W. S. Percy, who, if he has not Mr. Jackley's inches, is not so very far behind him in strength of voice.

Platoons of "glamorous lovelies" marching round some bits of scenery which I know so well as part of the *Ring* production, suggested that this episode might be labelled *The Siegfried Follies*. Further Wagnerian memories were supplied on the first night by the performance of some music from *Die Walküre* as an accompaniment to the final adventures not of Brünnhilde but of Red Riding Hood. This has since been deleted, not out of respect for the memory of the great man (who would possibly have enjoyed it) but because, I understand, the show was too long. Fortunately, the Flying Ballet—sylphs who fly out into the auditorium—remains. This gives a hint for "Brighter Wagner" next summer. It would be good to see Tristan and Isolde slung over the stalls on wires after or even during the big love duet. But risky.

The Hicks Hook.—Only once did I see Henry Irving. I was a tender youth—tender, at least, in years—at the time and he played Dante. Now the points of resemblance between Dante and Captain Hook are few; but I have heard much of Irving's sardonic humour and I fancy had he ever appeared as Hook he would have played the part much on the lines adopted by Sir Seymour Hicks in the present revival of *Peter Pan* at the Palladium. There is something decidedly Irvingesque about Sir Seymour's performance, which is altogether a brilliant one. It has just the right touch of rather *macabre* fun, and if it is at times slightly terrifying it did not terrify me nearly as much as did a certain eerie and graveyardish Peter of a few years back.

At the risk of uttering blasphemy, I must confess that as a play *Peter Pan* has bored and exasperated me always, and matters are not improved—or are they?—when many of the lines are inaudible, as they were at the first performance of this revival. Sir Seymour's fine voice rang out, and Peter (Miss Nova Pilbeam) and Wendy (Miss Pamela Standish) and a few others must be held blameless. But much of the play was kept a strict secret.

"Let's Pretend."—There is no earthly or heavenly reason why the St. James's Theatre, of high comedic memories, should not house a revue. But it should be a better one than *Let's Pretend*, which is a hybrid affair, half a whimsy-whamsy fairy-play for children and half a variety entertainment. The former showed a couple of angels who came down from Heaven to comfort a little girl who was bullied by a cruel stepfather. They appointed as the child's guardian Miss Magda Kun, who promptly told them

(Continued on page 30)

MESSEL, MENDELSSOHN, AND "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM": "Sleep thou and I will wind thee in my arms," says Titania (Dorothy Hyson) to Bottom (Edward Chapman). A scene from the Christmas show at the Old Vic in which Oliver Messel's decor and Mendelssohn's music contribute to a superb production

illie Burke (as Mrs. Anthony Carleton) in *The* which has as its theme the doings of the ociety in London and on the Riviera, making perverted genius. Janet Gaynor (gold-digger s making a tremendous come-back in Ameri- of Charlie Chaplin fame) head the cast

CLIMAX AT DRURY LANE: The Babes in the Wood are found in Sherwood Forest. This is the big moment in the Theatre Royal's pantomime which sticks to the traditional method and provides typical Christmas entertainment. In the foreground is Robin Hood (Fay Compton) with the babes (Pat Warner and Beryl May)

LOOKING AHEAD . . .

Clever Buying Now, in Anticipation of the New Spring Styles, will Undoubtedly Save Many Pounds Later On

MONEY is not the one thing that a woman needs if she is to be well dressed. It is not even the most important thing, for experience is most quickly bought when it proves expensive. It is mainly a question of buying with one's eye on the future, and of knowing what one can attempt, and what is merely foolhardy.

The sales provide happy hunting grounds for those who have a shrewd idea of what they will be wanting to wear in the spring. In the main there are likely to be no very drastic changes in clothes. The romantic theme will be further developed, and, in contrast, day clothes are likely to grow even more artless and young.

* *

Navy blue is prophesied as the leading colour, so keep your attention on bargains in the fabric departments. It never has any serious rival when it is enlivened with crisp white lingerie touches, and it is fresh-looking with paler blues, with yellow, and with pinks. A yellow-gold, a rich topaz, and every subtle shade of the opal are other strong fancies.

For the evening, moiré is the first choice, particularly the soft satin-backed kind, so snap up any you see. Angora weaves are promised for day wear.

In the new Matita collection opal shades are used with admirable effect. They put a chunky opal-pink striped coat over a navy blue dress, they cover an opaline blue suit with a boxy coat lined with dark brown, they reaffirm the charm of grey, blended from the smokiest tone to one that is almost platinum, and they are launching a warm pinky beige that is an arch-flatterer.

RIOTOUS COLOURS. *With Agnes Drecoll's violet angora coat, wide-shouldered, with a swing back, is worn a flat hat of black felt with a brim of cerise silk jersey, a crocheted band of jade silk, and a trimming of violet petersham ribbons*

* * * *

Make the most of remnants of rich fabrics, and do not worry if there is not sufficient for a dress, since two materials are allied in many evening models. A demure black velvet bodice, for instance, with a voluminous grey satin skirt: or a scrap of black velvet making the top of a tulle dance frock: or maybe a pale pink moiré bodice with a plum moiré skirt. The more unusual your colour contrasts the more effective they are likely to be.

In the ribbon departments go all out for rich brocades, for they will make little waistcoat slips to be sewn into the fronts of your link-fastened suits: and let yourself go among vivid taffeta ribbons, for they will make kilted frills to edge the petticoats that will show beneath full day skirts. With the same end in view, look for rows of muslin embroidery. Good belts always remain real value: good underclothes likewise. Never pass by bargains in gloves, stockings, or handbags, and remember that artificial flowers often prove a very sound investment.

* * * * *

One of the events which women most eagerly anticipate is Harrods' sale, which begins on January 9 and goes on until January 14. It is worth while coming up from the country to get a 100 per cent. camel-hair coat, wide-shouldered and dashing, reduced from 4½ guineas to 69s. 6d. Or a cardigan suit which looks as though it is hand-knitted in knop bouclé wool, admirably cut to achieve a slender line, and marked down to 59s. 6d. from 4½ guineas. Especially if you add a wool jersey dress, with a full skirt of all-round, permanently-stitched pleats, trimmed with four pocket flaps on the bodice, and reduced to 55s., though it is a mystery how they do it.

While if you live in town you will appreciate the thrill of a slim wool bouclé coat, slender-waisted, with sleeves gathered at the shoulder, and best of all, a trimming of real mink, all for £9 instead of 13 guineas. Classic coats and skirts, single-breasted or link-fastened, are made in suitings, in tweed, in hopsack, and in flannel, all for 70s., instead of 5½ guineas, and these could well be the mainstay of your spring outfit.

At Waring and Gillow's, whose sale has already started, full-length evening coats, cut on dramatic lines, are offered at £6 instead of 12 guineas, while luxuriously fur-trimmed individual model coats are available for £12, and, in some instances, even for half that price.

A charmingly formal day dress in angora wool has a cleverly draped satin bodice and is made in very attractive colourings for 60s., while dinner gowns in poult, with a sash that ties at the back, short puffed sleeves and wide stitched revers, cost only 30s. For real practical use it would be hard to imagine anything better than a perfectly tailored coat in multi-coloured tweed with an adaptable collar and raglan sleeves. They are made in bouclés and plain novelty woollens and they cost 65s.

This is the place for home-lovers, for it is not only the fashion departments that show such drastic reductions. Furniture and furnishing fabrics, china and glass, all reflect an equally lavish generosity, and provide opportunities that are seldom equalled. For instance, damasks in magnificent bold designs are offered at 3s. 11d. a yard, occasional easy chairs, covered in tapestry, are priced at £1 16s. 6d., and kitchen cabinets that are usually £9 19s. are reduced to £4 19s. 6d.

* * *

There can be no doubt about it, January is the month during which one can go about with the comforting knowledge that the more one spends the more one saves. And few women can think of any more comforting assurance.

NEW SHADES FOR SPRING. *An exquisitely subtle and flattering alliance of aubergine and violet in an Agnes Drecoll two-piece from Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, London, W. The aubergine dress, essentially simple in effect, is made interesting by the intricately tucked yoke and pockets, by the fin-shaped pleats in the skirt, and by the gold tassels that weight and brighten the tie at the neck.*

The coat itself, in a rich, vibrant violet, has magnificently squared shoulders, and falls loosely to the hem of the skirt, with a graceful swing back that adds to the height of its wearer.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Pictures from France and the U.S.

Miss Sai Shoki, the celebrated Japanese dancer, sitting among her baggage on detraining at the Gare St. Lazare, Paris, following her return from the United States, where she has just completed a successful tour

Many folk in the 8th District of Paris know "You You," the little dog who helps his mistress deliver the morning papers, and on January 1 he was the object of special attention when he went on his rounds bearing a placard wishing customers a Happy New Year

ECHO DE PARIS

THE TOAST OF THE TOWN: This is Miss Brenda Frazier, Manhattan's No. 1 debutante, for whom a £3,500 coming-out party was given a short while ago. To judge by the picture reproduced on the right of this, sophisticated New York would seem to be becoming critical of this lavish spending on debs.

BRENDA FRAZIER'S RIVAL: Just before Manhattan's No. 1 deb. made her bow to society, Wilhelmina Vandenbaard, who is a barge captain's daughter and is seen here with satirist Peter Arno, was given a coming-out party by sixteen young "men about town," the venue being a fashionable restaurant

VIVIEN LEIGH VISITS HOLLYWOOD: The noted British actress pictured as she left an air liner on arrival in the film colony where she has been staying as the guest of Mrs. Harry B. Hann. On being interviewed she denied that she had any intention of seeking an American film contract

A GRUESOME FIGURE: The Beaked Spirit of Meiringen, leading the New Year's Eve procession

THE BEAKED SPIRIT OF MEIRINGEN

Ancient New Year Rites in Switzerland

DURING the last century the festival of Christmas has so grown in popularity that New Year, at least in England, has taken second place.

Yet it is New Year, and not Christmas, that is the really important festival to anyone interested in the distant past of the human race, and the survival of pagan rites even until to-day, and it is still possible to find these customs being practised without searching out remote hamlets, "unspoilt" by civilisation.

Indeed, one of the most interesting survivals is to be found at Meiringen, in the Bernese Oberland.

"Trichlen," as it is called, used to be fairly widely spread in the villages and towns near Meiringen, but during the last fifty years it has survived only in the Upper Hasli valley, where it seems to have taken on a new lease of life. It has even infected the boys who are too young to be at school and who cheerfully ignore the rule that bells should not be rung before sunset. In Meiringen there is peace neither by night nor day.

The bells that are rung are of all sizes, from the great "Plumpen" cow-bells, which may measure 22 ins. across, down to the smallest goat-bell. The ceremony itself is strict, and differs little whether it is performed in Guttannen, Willingen, Underbach, or Meiringen. The "Treichler"—the boys carrying the bells—assemble in the market-place.

The procession moves off in a curious sort of shuffle. A step forward is made with the left foot; the right foot is dragged up almost level; a slight halt is made; then the right foot leads off. It is a slow business, but quite a serious one. Should anyone not keep step they are usually chased out of the procession straight away. Also there are equally strict rules to be observed concerning the route, for it would infallibly bring ill luck if a street were traversed in the wrong direction, or any variation introduced.

Every evening the excitement grows in intensity. At first, on December 26, no masks or costumes are seen, and most of the boys are young. As the days go by, more masks are seen and more grown-up boys take part; until on New Year's Eve nearly three-quarters of the crowd are wearing either a mask or some rudimentary form of fancy dress. It is also on this evening that the Schnabelgeist (the Beaked Spirit) makes his first appearance.

His distinguishing feature is, as might be expected from the name, a large beak, but it may be like that of a goose, a swan, or a stork, there seems to be no fixed rule. In all cases, however, its duties were the same. In Guttannen, Willingen, or in Meiringen, this gruesome spirit accompanies the procession and tries to bite any boy who is misbehaving or not taking his part in a sufficiently serious manner, while another of its tasks is to chase away any young girl who is watching the bell-ringers. In between times it looks into windows and frightens the children.

There is no doubt that the bell-ringing that one sees to-day at Meiringen is the survival, and probably a very pure survival, of a fertility rite that goes back to long before the Christian era.

A. R. W.

· CONTINUATIONS ·

LIVERPOOL'S NEW EXCHANGE

(*Continued from page 24*)

There is a foundation stone, which was pointed out to us, behind which are reputed to be coins and papers. This is in the central section, and bears the date 1803, but it will probably be June before the treasure trove can be unearthed.

In 1913 a frail suffragette tried a big task—to blow up the Liverpool Exchange. Mrs. Edith Rigby was the courageous woman, but all she managed to do was to chip some masonry.

Throughout the war the members of the news-room and the exchange did wonderful service organising charity, collecting for a special hospital in France, and, of course, in war service. By 1920 the membership had again dropped and the annual subscription was raised to £7 7s.

And then in 1921 a new chapter was written. Women were admitted for the first time, and 1,000 of them at once. It was a special occasion, the appearance of the Prince of Wales during his first visit to Liverpool. To many that will go down as the most exciting memory.

So passes a piece of history, and a new era is born. The new building will make history even more surely than the old for better times are already on the way for Liverpool after a thin period. S. V.

THE CHRISTMAS SHOWS

(*Continued from page 27*)

to sit down and watch her burlesque a melodrama. The very moment this was over they called for a cloud with suspicious alacrity and went back to Heaven, where they remained for the rest of the show. Wise angels.

The guardian could grant anyone's wish by blowing at a garland of rose-petals, as one might blow the froth off a bock. The gifts seemed to include a boy pianist, a boy tenor and an Indian fakir. The only gift to my liking was Miss Pat Taylor, who can sing and dance well and is altogether a pleasant and talented young woman. Mr. Steve Geray (part-author) apologised genially for his broken English, and Miss Kun spoke throughout in fluent Bergnerese.

"Charley's Aunt."—The late Brandon Thomas's world-famous farce wears better than most that are a quarter of its age, and in the august Haymarket I found it raising plenty of laughter. That the machinery creaks a bit (although some attempts seem to have been made to get away from the flavour of the 1892 vintage by adding references to motor cars and other modern touches) does not alter the essential fun, and the title-role is played with abundance of spirit by Mr. Richard Goolden. Mr. Morris Harvey is duly suave and pompous as Spettigue and Mr. Alan Napier looked in every one of his aristocratic inches Colonel Sir Francis Chesney, Bart. Miss Amy Brandon-Thomas, who has also produced the famous old fun-maker, plays the real Donna Lucia with real charm

"The Sphere" Offers £10 in Prizes

The Pictorial Competition of THE SPHERE Christmas Number closes on January 11, so only a few days remain for readers to complete the cut-out picture and send it in to the Competition Editor, THE SPHERE Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4. Anyone who has not yet tackled it should do so at once. He or she has the chance of securing one of three prizes: **1st Prize, £5; 2nd Prize, £3; 3rd Prize, £2.**

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

This Society, which guarantees to give each child coming within its doors a 100 per cent. chance in life, is continually having proof of how the opportunity has been made good use of by the child admitted. Some years ago a little boy who was a double orphan was admitted into one of the Country Homes, and in due course was transferred to the London Hostel. A job was found for him in an Architect's Office at 15s. a week. For four years he remained at the Hostel, by which time he was earning sufficient to leave the care of the Society which had befriended him. He made rapid progress, becoming a first-class draughtsman, until recently he has succeeded in securing a Government post at a salary of £7 a week. Surely a Society which trains those who otherwise would have had no such chance in life to become useful citizens is worthy of the greatest support. Donations and legacies are constantly needed to carry on this great work of maintaining and training 1,165 poor children. Please send your contribution to 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2.

Scotland's Wealth of Artists

(*Continued from page 21*)

of authentic genius." His finest reproductions are the frescoes in the robing room in Parliament.

THOMAS DUNCAN (*1807–1845*): Historical painter. One of his finest pictures is "Prince Charles Edward and the Highlanders Entering Edinburgh after the Battle of Prestonpans."

SIR JOSEPH NOEL PATON (*1821–1902*): A painter of allegorical, fairy, and religious subjects. He was a man of some versatility, producing a certain amount of sculpture and writing poetry of distinct merit. He was also well known as an antiquary.

SIR WILLIAM FETTES DOUGLAS (*1822–1891*): He started work in an Edinburgh bank but soon began to study art. From 1845 onwards he was a consistent exhibitor at the Scottish Academy, of which he became president in 1882.

SAMUEL BOUGH (*1822–1878*): After being a shoemaker and clerk in Carlisle he wandered about Britain making sketches and was for a time employed as a scene painter in Glasgow. He became a member of the Royal Scottish Academy.

THOMAS FAED (*1820–1902*): A clever painter who devoted much of his attention to depicting scenes in humble Scottish life.

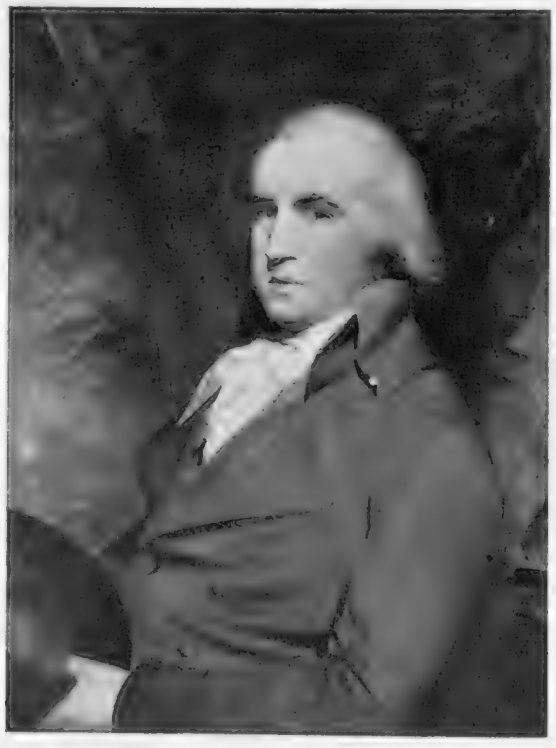
ROBERT HERDMAN (*1830–1887*): Portraitist and painter of figure subjects from Scottish history. His "Lady Shand" was reproduced in colour in THE SPHERE Christmas Number.

SIR WILLIAM QUILLER ORCHARDSON (*1835–1910*): After studying under William Scott Lauder at the Trustees' Academy, he came to London, where his work, which was characterised by great reticence, though far from lacking in technical dexterity, at first attracted little attention. His picture, "On Board the Bellerophon," which now hangs in the Tate, brought him instant recognition, and thereafter he enjoyed a considerable popularity

JOHN PETTIE (*1839–1893*): Pettie was a friend of Orchardson, working with him at the Trustees' Academy and sharing quarters with him when they both moved to London. He was a hard and rapid worker and in his best days a brilliant executant and colourist.

SIR JAMES GUTHRIE (*1859–1930*): One of the leaders of the so-called Glasgow School. Though in his youth he was influenced by John Pettie, his style, which is remarkable for grasp of character, breadth, and spontaneity, was really due to the lessons taught him by nature. Towards the end of his career he devoted himself almost exclusively to portraiture.

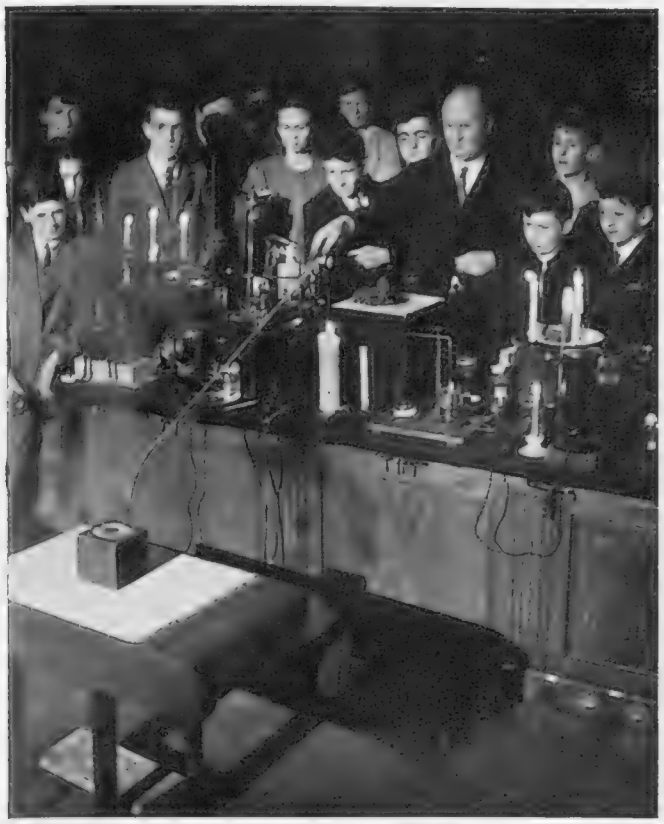
(In a coming number of THE SPHERE reference will be made to some of the more modern Scottish artists whose works are on view at Burlington House.)



"JOHN BEUGO," BY GEORGE WILLISON: This portrait in the Royal Academy Exhibition of Scottish Art might almost be taken for a Raeburn as far as lighting is concerned, showing, as it does, the lighting of the face in the manner that that great portraitist adopted, the studio illumination creating a patch of shadow below and sideways from the nose

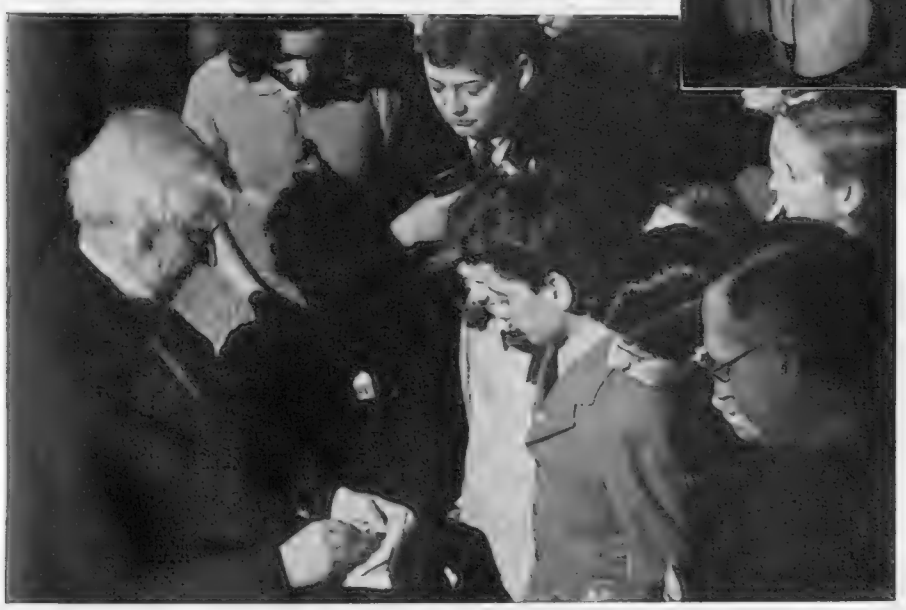
MICHAEL FARADAY LECTURES AGAIN TO THE CHILDREN

Professor Kendall's Impersonation at the Royal Institution



"THE MIXTURE IS HIGHLY EXPLOSIVE, I WILL NOW TICKLE IT WITH A FEATHER AND SEND IT OFF," said Professor James Kendall, Edinburgh University Professor of Chemistry, in the course of the second of his six Christmas Lectures for Children at the Royal Institution. He was enthusiastically applauded by an audience of some 500, composed largely of schoolboys and schoolgirls. He took as his subject Michael Faraday, that prince of experimenters, whose great researches on electricity and magnetism advanced human knowledge into untrodden realms

DISGUISED IN A WHITE WIG AND HEAVY GLADSTONIAN FROCK COAT, Professor James Kendall appeared as Michael Faraday when returning after an interval to finish the second of his six Christmas lectures at the Royal Institution. It was a wonderful transformation and the thin piping voice in which he told the history of the candle lent an added reality, and revealed the Professor as an actor of much ability



AUTOGRAPHS BY THE SCORE: Professor Kendall, disguised as Michael Faraday, satisfying the demands of his young admirers after finishing his second Christmas lecture last Saturday. In the first part of the lecture he told Faraday's life story, and in the second half he recited one of the great scientist's original discourses on the candle. Professor Kendall particularly emphasised the practical results that had emanated from Faraday's work

GEORGE ROBEY'S WOMAN UNDERSTUDY: This is Miss Chic Elliot who is taking the great comedian's part as the Dame in *Robinson Crusoe*, the pantomime at the Alexandra Theatre, Birmingham. Mr. Robey, it will be recalled, fell from the stage last week, fracturing three ribs

On left—ON JANUARY 1, 1839, John Pounds, who instituted the Ragged Schools, thus pioneering the teaching of poor children, died in Portsmouth, and on January 1, 1939, Dr. R. F. Rattray, President of the General Assembly of Unitarian and Free Christian Churches, laid a wreath on Portsmouth's monument to Pounds's memory

LAST WEEK'S BUSIEST OFFICE: With the heavy falls of snow in various parts of the country, the A.A. headquarters in London were inundated with thousands of requests for information as to the state of the roads. Officials in the Home Touring Department are seen studying a map to which is added last-minute information from all over England

When WINTER GRIPS the ROADS

Hints to Safer Driving on Ice and Snow

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E. (*Clerk of the Course, Brooklands*)

THE recent spell of cold weather produced conditions on the roads which many motorists have never before had to tackle. On some days, but more particularly during the evenings, one saw the most appalling exhibitions, not only of bad driving, but of lack of common sense. Quite a number of drivers that I came across just never thought for one moment that the adhesion of their wheels on snow or ice was anyway less than when the car was being driven on dry level concrete. Usually the result of their folly was a series of spectacular skids, but some of the thoughtless were not so fortunate and came to grief.

As it looks as if we are in for a hard winter, it might prove useful to repeat and enlarge on what I said on the subject of winter driving in these notes a month or six weeks ago. When the roads are covered with snow or ice drivers should remember that so long as they amble along at 20, or perhaps at even 30 m.p.h., they are not likely to come to any serious grief, provided they can maintain a constant speed and carry on in a straight line. The trouble starts when the brakes have to be applied or the steering pulled round suddenly. Violent acceleration will also make the tail skid. Motorists who pride themselves on being able to control skids may perhaps imagine, unless they have had previous experience, that they can do what they like with their car in the wintry conditions I am talking about, but before they put the matter to the test let me tell them that when a car skids on ice or compressed snow it just goes where it feels inclined, and I doubt if all the skill in the world will get it on a straight path until it has come to rest in its own sweet way.

To climb a hill in an icy condition even a slight gradient becomes almost a mountain. A driver should try these tactics. Get into whatever gear he thinks will give ample power to climb the hill without a change. If there is any other vehicle either going up or coming down, wait on the flat until the road is perfectly clear. A stoppage may probably prove fatal, and so it is worth while taking a little trouble so as to be successful. Should the wheels begin to spin, then gradually ease the pressure of the foot on the accelerator, for to open the engine more will make matters doubly worse. This hill climbing takes a little patience and experience, but if tackled in the way that I suggest failures on ordinary main road gradients should not take place.

When snow is falling fast it is far better during the hours of darkness to drive along with the headlamps dipped or dimmed, otherwise the strong beams will light up the white flakes and practically dazzle the eyes. Unless a defroster of some kind is fitted to the windscreen it will be found that the wipers in course of time become quite unequal to the task of clearing away the snow. When that happens the only thing to do is to get out and wipe the outside of the screen and carry on. Sometimes the inside of the windscreen is so cold that condensation freezes on it. Bad visibility in wintry conditions is often due to this cause, and quite a number of drivers do not realise what is taking place.

After the risk of skidding perhaps the next most serious trouble is the freezing up of the water circulation; firstly, when the car is stationary, and secondly, when it is moving. A few days ago I was in quite a small garage and four cars were being defrosted by being raised on the lift and a charcoal brazier placed underneath them. The bottom half of the radiator on all these four cars had frozen up while the drivers were moving along. People who have not experienced this phenomenon before are definitely surprised when the thermometer is well below freezing point to find steam coming out of their radiators. What happens, of course, is that the fan sucks in the extremely cold air, and as the water at the bottom of the radiator is fairly cool it freezes. Cars having pump circulation will not suffer from this complaint, but the majority of engines in these days depend on thermosyphon cooling. The best way to prevent such a water stoppage is to blank off the lower half of the radiator with cardboard, cloth or metal.

In my humble opinion there is only one way of being certain of preventing radiators and engines being damaged through the frost when the car is left unattended, and that is to drain off the water. I know there are patent liquids and other substances which are sold in order to be mixed with the water, but if the frost is very severe or if the proper quantity is not used then trouble may ensue. Actually, during the recent cold spell I left my car to have the water treated with one of these special substances.

Knowing that I could rely on the garage to do this job for me I did not bother to blank off the lower part of the radiator, but I had scarcely travelled three miles before I had to pull in to another garage to have the bottom of the radiator defrosted. On reaching home after having had my faith so sadly shattered I let all the water out plus the 6s. 6d. worth of the patent substance.

The regulations for the R.A.C.'s Eighth Annual Rally have been issued. The event will be held from the 25th to the 29th of April, 1939. Competitors in the rally will have to cover a road section of approximately 850 miles, and to take part in eliminating tests to be held at the conclusion of the road section which will be at Brighton. In some ways competitors will have an easier time than in previous years, for there will be a compulsory stop at Buxton during Wednesday night. On the other hand, a "colonial" section has been included, and if competitors wish to obtain maximum marks they must drive their cars over this difficult route.

Entries close on Monday, March 6, 1939, and no more than 300 entries will be accepted. As this event is always very popular, anyone wishing to compete should send in their entries straight away. Competitors may start from Blackpool, London, Stratford-on-Avon or Torquay, and anyone having a particular fancy to start from one or other of these controls should remember that no more than seventy-five will be allowed to go off from one. After that maximum number has been received the entrants of the surplus cars will be allowed to select which of the remaining controls they would prefer as their starting point.

This rally is always great fun, and even if a driver has not previously competed it is just the sort of event which he will be well advised to patronise. As in past years, there will be a coachwork competition at the conclusion of the rally. The judging in this competition is timed to commence at 9.30 a.m. on Saturday, April 29, 1939. The judging will be conducted in the open so that the public may watch the proceedings.

A DAIMLER STRAIGHT EIGHT 4½-litre limousine, with coachwork by James Young of Bromley, designed by Jack Barclay. The roomy interior accommodates seven people

A ROYAL CAR IN THE MAKING: The new Daimler State car in course of construction for the King at Park Royal, London. It will be the first Royal car with an inlaid glass panel in the roof, a suggestion made by the King himself in order to enable the crowds to get a better view of their Majesties during State drives

A MODERN BUS-STOP SHELTER: Made of reinforced concrete, this latest type of canopied bus-stop has just been erected in Holborn

This England . . .

Wrotham Hill—Kent

WHEN next you take your ways about the hills and fields, reflect that it is the labour of man that has given them their final beauty. No traveller two centuries ago could laud the lovely countryside; too many were the marshlands and the wastes, too frequent the unkempt, forbidding woods that harboured lawlessness. And do you know aught of survey work or drainage, of medicine or mechanics? These must a farmer understand as well as his soils, his beasts and his seeds if he is to serve the land well. Bear then with his complaints, and turn a courteous ear if only in gratitude for the pleasure his unceasing work has given—from the chine of beef you passed not by at luncheon to the barley for the Worthington that saved you from fatigue.

ISSUED BY WORTHINGTON AND CO. LTD., BURTON-ON-TRENT, ENGLAND

THE SHADY TREES AND WHITE WALLS OF OLD CASABLANCA: A picturesque scene in this Moroccan port where so many cruising liners touch in the summer and winter months. *On right*—Doing a deal in Casablanca market

IN these rather cold and cheerless days I have been seeking warmth and comfort by looking through travel plans for visiting those places where the sun is shining; not a watery effort, but with the strength that drives you to a sandy cove to have a dip in the cooling sea. My fancy at the moment is the West Indies, or South America, and some of the cruising liners leaving in the next few weeks combine them. Having no particular love for March in England when its mood is easterly, I should be tempted to sail away by the *Voltaire* (Lamport and Holt Line) early in February and return on the first day of April to join the lambs the departed month has left behind.

This liner has a very attractive itinerary. She goes from Southampton to Teneriffe and calls at Dakar, in Senegal, then across equatorial waters to Rio de Janeiro for a stay of 2½ days before turning north to Bahia. In the West Indies she will call at Trinidad and then pass through the Caribbean Sea to Kingston and Havana. Next there is the best part of a day—and night—at Miami, and a return to the West Indies for a few hours at St. Juan in Porto Rico, before making for Madeira and home. The cruise occupies 56 days and covers more than 15 000 miles.

Cayman Islands.—On the voyage through the Caribbean Sea the cruising liners sometimes call at an interesting group of islands — the Caymans, noted in the commercial world for their rope, hand-made from the immature leaves of a palmetto, and in the culinary realm for their turtles. The centre of the shark and turtle fishing industry is at West Bay, a settlement some way along the coast from Georgetown in Grand Cayman, the chief town of the group. It is one of the excursions travellers usually make, and in the same stride they take an awe-inspiring phenomenon of coral formation known as Hell.

The turtles awaiting transportation are kept in a "crawl," a series of lagoons connected by creeks completely covered with overhanging mangroves. There they are fed and fattened on a sea-grass which can be seen growing on the bottom of the lagoons. This is another aspect of the Lord Mayor's banquet which few of those who go to the Guildhall in November have seen.

Grand Cayman has one of the finest beaches in the West Indies. It is full of golden sand, miles long. The other islands, Cayman Brac and Little Cayman, lie some way off. The group is some 200 miles from Jamaica, of which they are a dependency.

Meknès.—From time to time we have had peeps at Morocco. To them I would add Meknès, on the main Tangier-Fez line and connecting with Rabat and Casablanca through Petitjean junction. It is one of the four Imperial cities of Morocco, and Moulay Ismail, the great Sultan of the seventeenth century, made it his capital. He had visions of building another Versailles.

Two great gates pierce the ramparts, the Bab Mansour, the more important, with its gigantic arch and two bastions, and the Bab el Khemis whose Moorish arch is inlaid with green mosaics and carries a frieze decorated with Arab inscriptions. The two gates are all that remain of the large quarter built by Moulay Ismail, and with the ruined stables are all that remain of his extravagant scheme.

Meknès, however, possesses one of the finest gardens in the country, the public garden of Aboul, laid out rather more than twenty years ago; a 200-year-old ostrich farm, and the Mussulman Art Gallery of many treasures housed in Dar Jamai, the charming old house of a vizier. The ruins of the Roman city Volubilis are near Meknès, and only 50 miles away in the Middle Atlas mountains are the winter sports centres, Ifrane and Azron.

French Tourist Cards.—The system of tourist cards in France has been very successful and it will be continued during 1939. The duration of the validity of the cards will be increased from two months to three with a minimum stay in France of six days. They will cost 40 francs (about 4s. 6d.) but will entitle holders to 40 per cent. reduction on all French railways.

Tourists taking their motor cars to France will on showing the card be able to purchase booklets of vouchers entitling them to a reduction of 50 centimes per litre of petrol, up to a maximum of 600 litres.

Motor cars are carried free on French railways provided that the fares of their owners reach a total of 750 francs. If the fares are below this total, then only the difference between the total fares and 750 francs is charged for transporting the car.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

The following is a selection from recent replies sent to readers who have addressed queries to "The Sphere" Travel Bureau. Every letter is answered individually, and we publish these particular examples as being of interest to prospective travellers generally.

Japan.—You will have no difficulty in getting excellent hotel accommodation. In recent years many new hotels, conforming with western tastes, have been opened not only in the chief cities but also at provincial seaside resorts and sports centres.

Solda.—This resort, over 6,000 ft. up in the Ortler group of mountains, would probably suit you. It has a ski school with instructors of the International Ski Federation, a large skating rink, and a sleigh track. You can get there by car from Bolzano, Merano, or Landeck, and there is a motor-bus service from Spondigna.

Cannes.—To meet your requirements of a comfortable hotel with good cooking and a moderate tariff but not of the luxury type we recommend the Hotel Victoria, which has seventy rooms all with running hot and cold water. A single room with full *pension* costs from 60 francs to 120 francs per day, to which must be added a 15 per cent. service tax. Another suggestion is the Londres, with twenty-five rooms, all with running water, and the charge is 40 francs to 70 francs per day.

South America.—At Rio de Janeiro the Palace Hotel on the Avenida Rio Branco can be recommended. It is a very big first-class hotel and charges 50 to 90 milreis per night. The Central and the Hotel des Estrangeiros both charge 40 to 80 milreis. The milreis is worth about 3d. In Buenos Aires we suggest the Phoenix, which is an English family hotel, and the charge with pension is 10 to 14 dollars per day. In Valparaiso you might try the Paris (15 to 50 dollars) or the Palace, which is larger and the charges are 18 to 60 dollars.

Bad Ems.—You will find this a most attractive spa and although this is really out of the season there will, without doubt, be some amusement available. The weather may be rather cold but it is well sheltered from the worst winds. You need have no doubts about the quality or quantity of food. We recommend the Staatiches Kurhaus where the charge is from 10 to 14 marks a day for full pension.

Bermuda.—We can recommend the southerly route which is taken by the Pacific Line steamers, of which the best known is probably the *Reina del Pacifico*. They sail at frequent intervals from Liverpool and call at La Pallice two days later. Special tours at drastically reduced fares are arranged by the line, covering the ocean voyage of ten to twelve days each way, hotel accommodation and other facilities. At the time of booking it is well to make application for accommodation for the return voyage. These tours allow varying periods in Bermuda, sometimes the best part of a month.

Beverley Brooke

THE SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU

NOTES FROM NEAR AND FAR

Cruising in Equatorial Seas : The Turtle "Crawl" at Grand Cayman: A Sultan's Shattered Dream

WHERE TRAFFIC POLICE HAVE WINGS: A Singapore pointsman with semaphore arms strapped to his back. They are made of wickerwork and are very light

WINTER CRUISING

BY T.S.S.

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AND SOUTH AMERICA

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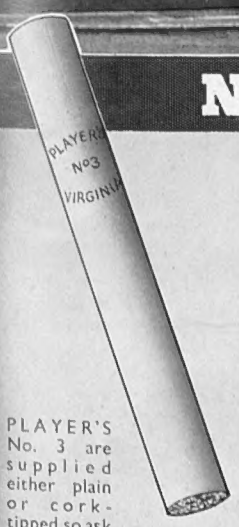
NOTABLE NUMBERS

52A, CHURCH ST., TEWKESBURY. The Bell Hotel — an ancient hostelry associated with the novel "John Halifax, Gentleman."

The slow maturing process of time plays its part in the production of that other Notable Number — Player's No. 3. Mellowness, distinction of flavour and *finer* quality in the tobacco — these are the reasons why No. 3 is such a notable smoke.



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In Quest of Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

Where to Stay in and Around London During the Winter Months: Some Country House Hotels to Bear in Mind

HOWEVER attractive other and warmer places may be, there will always be a large number of folk who are drawn to the neighbourhood of London during the winter months. Theatres, pantomimes and plays all attract their devotees, and though Paris and Vienna may claim to be the finest shopping centres in the spring, it is London that retains pride of place when it comes to winter purchases.

All the same, it is not everybody who likes to live in London. A very large number of people like to return at the end of a day in town to the purer atmosphere of the Green Belt; and it is with the hotels in the Green Belt that I propose to deal in this article, referring especially to those on the south side of London.

In the first place, there is Sundridge Park, a delightful country house built after the designs of the Adam brothers. Here King Edward VII used to stay for the shooting, and you yourself can sleep—if you are lucky—in the circular bedroom that housed the Royal guest. Pheasants are no longer preserved at Sundridge, I believe, but there are two excellent golf courses that almost surround the hotel, and which preserve to a certain extent the old park as it was. The distance to London is only 12 miles.

Not far away is Bromley Hill Court, beloved of Territorial officers, with its cheerful club and excellent squash courts; and in the same district, if you seek for something smaller, is Shortlands House. Farther west we come to Wickham Court, the ancient seat of the Lennards, with all the old beams and panelling as it was. Here you may dance in a magnificent ballroom, live and sleep in luxury, and even bath in a turret! In your spare time you can try to guess the thickness of the old yew hedge.

A little nearer to Croydon is Selsdon Park. This is a tremendous place with 150 bedrooms; and, as you would expect from an hotel of this size, there is every possible comfort and convenience, and facilities for almost every game.

Slightly farther afield on the edge of real country is Stangrave Hall at Godstone, from which you can hunt with the Old Surrey or play golf at Tandridge. Also it has one of the most cheerful of lounges, facing south and catching nearly all the sun.

At Leatherhead there is the Red House Hotel, a cheerful and secluded spot that has won great popularity with those whose business takes them to London and whose inclination takes them . . . to the Red House.

Another interesting place in Surrey is the Cedar House at Cobham, with its front windows looking on to the river, and at the side its old "baronial" hall, with its great mullioned windows and minstrels gallery. Here one can live in comfortable and historic surroundings for a very moderate outlay.

At Esher there is Moore Place, to my mind one of the most attractive of the hotels on the south-west side. It stands in its own grounds and commands magnificent views over the Thames Valley. Here, too, there is an excellent ballroom, and devotees of sport will find themselves in the very centre of everything, and within handy distance of Hurlingham, Ranelagh, Brooklands, and so on, to say nothing of Sandown Park, which is on the doorstep!

Oatlands Park at Weybridge is, of course, another old favourite of mine, and I can honestly say that I do not know of an hotel that gives better value anywhere.

At Weybridge, too, is another Red House, small, but very attractive, with comfortable suites for those who like to be "self-contained."

Turning inwards towards London we find ourselves in Surbiton, and here is the Ardmay, known almost as much to connoisseurs as a restaurant as it is to visitors as a charming private hotel. Few places offer better meals—and Surbiton is a very handy place for lovers of the river.

Ham Common is another place that can claim to be in a greener part of the belt than many. For if you stay at the St. Lawrence Hotel you have the common in front of you and the surprisingly extensive hotel grounds behind. So popular is the St. Lawrence that they have a special bachelor wing, with its own particular billiard room, where the business man can spend a remarkably cheerful evening. The main rooms are all very comfortable and restful, and I think that any of my readers, of whatever age or sex, will find some corner of the place that will appeal to them.

Finally, we come to Richmond itself, and though we can no longer recapture the scene of Shaw's *Doctor's Dilemma* with its Chinese lanterns on the terrace of the old and original Star and Garter, we can stay in very great comfort and command almost the same view at the Morshead Hotel.

This is a very solidly-built Georgian house overlooking the famous reach of the river and literally within one minute of the park. A healthier place can hardly be imagined, for one stands high up on the hill and well above the riverside mists that occasionally occur. The place has old associations, the food is good, and before long, if you stay there, you will find yourself attempting to write a new ballad to "The Lass of Richmond Hill."

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

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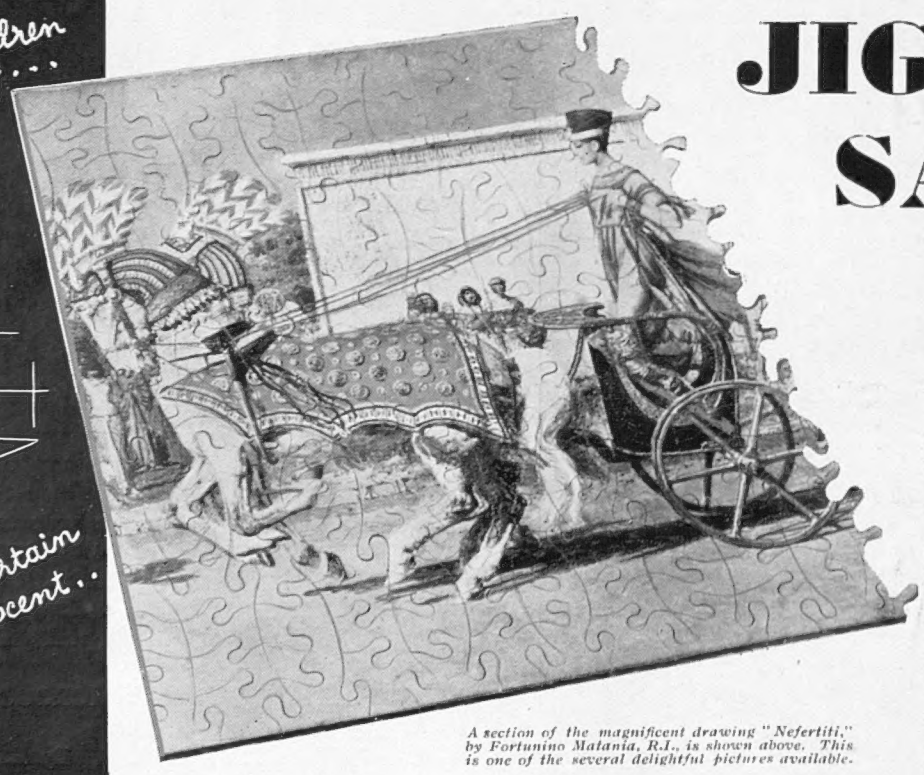

A section of the magnificent drawing "Nefertiti," by Fortunino Matania, R.I., is shown above. This is one of the several delightful pictures available.

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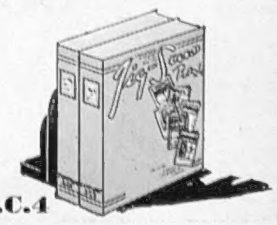

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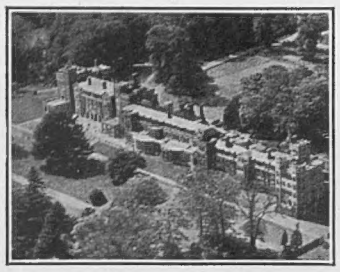

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The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

ENGLAND

Abingdon.—Crown and Thistle (Oxford, 6 miles)
Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Arundel.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 3245.
Barton Mills (Nr. Bury St. Edmunds).—Bull Inn.
Bath.—The Empire.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel.
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281, 3282, 3283.
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bray-on-Thames.—Hinds Head Hotel.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Brighton (Saltdean).—Ocean Hotel.
Bromley.—Sundridge Park Hotel.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Cambridge.—Blue Boar Hotel. Tel. 3030.
Canterbury.—The County Hotel.
Chipping Campden.—Cotswold House Hotel.
Dorchester (Dorset).—Antelope Hotel. Tel. 1.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms.
Dulverton (Som.)—Woodcote Hotel. Tel. 129.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.

ENGLAND—*continued*

Folkestone.—Princes Hotel. Telephone 2666.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 2219.
Hailsham (Sussex).—Woodside Hotel. Tel. 57.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Hove.—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Littlehampton.—Southlands Hotel. Tel. 42.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Marlborough (Wilts.).—Ailesbury Arms Hotel.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 2211.
Oxford.—Mitre Hotel. Tel. 2335 and 3840.
Oxford.—Randolph Hotel. Tel. 2251 (2 lines).
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Ruan-High-Lanes (S. C'nwall).—Pendower Htl.
St. Mawes.—Pen-e-Glos. Telephone 209.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 3053.
Sidmouth.—The Royal Glen Hotel. Phone: 221
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.

ENGLAND—*continued*

Stow-on-the-Wold.—Talbot Hotel.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The Arden Hotel.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Torquay.—Palace Hotel. Tel. 2271.
Torquay.—Headland Hotel.
Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373 (2 lines)
Torquay.—Templestowe Hotel. Tel. 235811.
Torquay.—The Torquay Hydro Hotel. Tel. 2207.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Torquay.—Vernon Court Hotel. Tel. 2676.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel.
Weymouth.—Royal Hotel. Tels. 627 & 628.
Worthing.—Greystoke Private Hotel. Tel. 991.

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Catterick (229).—Bridge House Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES

Keswick.—Armathwaite Hall Hotel.
Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—Borrowdale Hotel. Borrowdale 24.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.

LONDON

Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Hans Crescent Hotel, Knightsbridge, S.W.1.
Kensington Palace Mansions Htl, W.8. Wes. 8121
Leinster Court, Leinster Gardens, W.2.
S. Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.
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Whiteness Hotel, Queen's Gardens, W.2.

SCOTLAND

Ballater (Deeside).—Cambus O'May Hotel.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel. Tel. 31295.
Edinburgh.—New Carlton Hotel.
Galloway.—Southwick House. Tel. Southwick 7.
Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel, Loch Katrine.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.
Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.
Tomintoul (Banffshire).—Richmond Arms Htl.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel

WALES

Abergele.—Kinmel Hall.
Anglesey.—Wern Llanddona. Tel. Beaumaris 77.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel (LMS-NCC).
Portrush.—Northern Counties Htl. (LMS-NCC).
Rostrevor.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.

EIRE

Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).—Ross's Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
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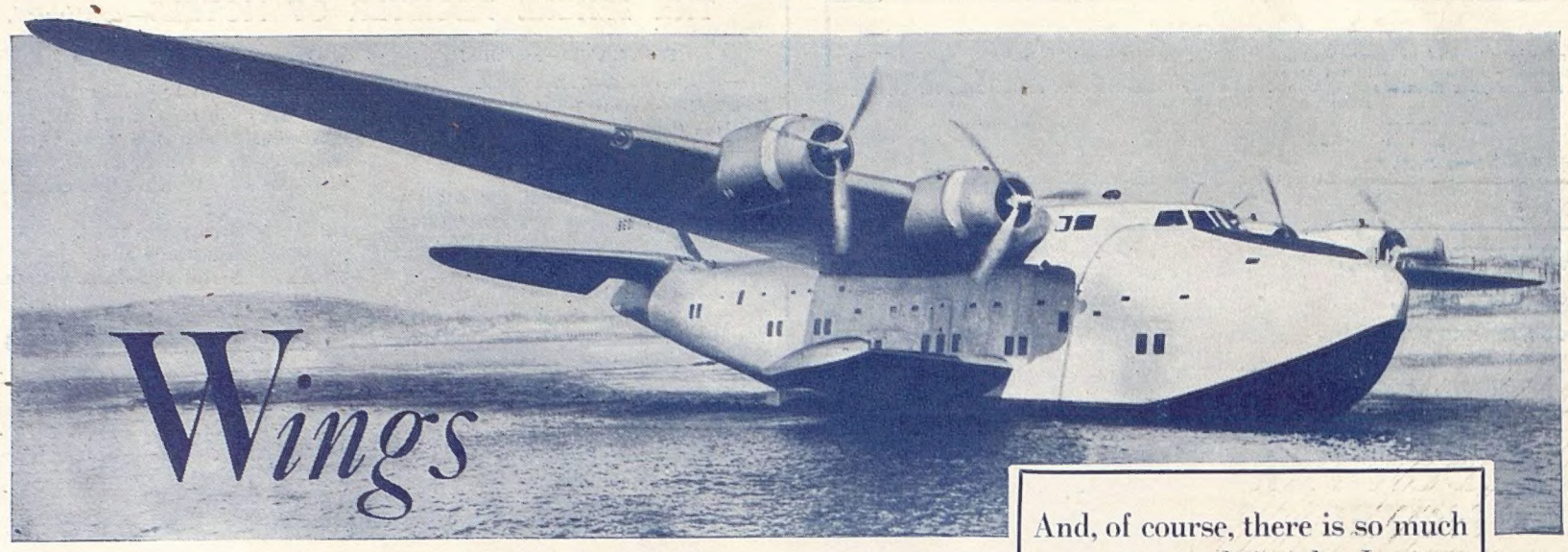

Wings over the Pacific

by Lady Drummond Hay

NO women, no cats, no dogs. Forty-three men, thousands of rats, hermit crabs and myriads of birds on a coral island one mile long and a quarter of a mile wide, more than 1,300 miles from the nearest land. No soil, no water save rain preserved in underground cisterns. Supplies brought by ship twice a year. The only means of arrival and departure by air. But who would want to leave? This is Wake Island, an unspoiled little paradise. If I could, I would buy it. For all my travelling experience, I know only one other retreat I have coveted—that was Mersa Matruh on the coast of the western desert of Egypt before it became commercialised.

You will not find Wake Island, lying 19° 15′ north and 166° 38′ 15″ east, on any but a specialised map. Discovered in 1796, possessed for the United States in 1898 by General F. V. Greene commanding the Second Detachment Philippine Expedition, it did not exist for the world until the coming of the S.S. *North Haven* in May, 1935, and subsequent colonisation with Pan-American Airways staff and some Chamarro boys from Guam as an overnight stop for their trans-Pacific service. Wake Island is under the jurisdiction of the Navy Department, and in time will become a very useful naval base as a link in the South Pacific chain from Manila to San Francisco, via Guam, Wake Island, Midway Island, and Honolulu.

I had flown the 8,500 miles from London to Singapore in the extraordinarily comfortable Douglas plane *Kwak* of the K.L.M. Dutch Airlines, piloted by the famous Commander Evert van Dijk, who in 1930 flew across the North Atlantic as second pilot to Air Commodore Sir Charles Kingsford-Smith in the three-engine Fokker *Southern Cross*. Upon his return to Holland, Queen Wilhelmina appointed him Knight of the Order of Oranje Nassau. He also holds Dutch and French medals for life-saving.

DURING the five days' flight, Commander van Dijk often invited me to sit beside him in the second-pilot's seat, and let me familiarise myself with the working and adjustments of the automatic pilot. From this point of vantage I saw the black smoke of Vesuvius volcano undulating like a sable banner against a blood-red dawn; the golden coastline of Egypt; my first glimpse of Basra, the Persian Gulf and Baghdad of the fairy tales. Other unforgettable memories will be night-landing at Jodhpur, circling over the city scintillating like the jewels in the Maharaja's turban; the rich afternoon sun setting aflame the golden Shwe Dagön Pagoda in Rangoon. Some 368 feet high, covered with pure gold from base to summit, it dominates the city from an eminence of 168 feet. Before dawn on the last lap, Commander van Dijk called me to the cockpit to see the sun rise on the jungles of Siam, flying low over certain areas where he said the sacred white elephants are found. He told me he sees them sometimes.

From a background of harassed, turbulent Europe to Singapore, that most romantic seaport in the world, thence to the grim reality of the China horror. Hong Kong, congested with swarming refugees, and alive with disease. My hotel windows in Shanghai gave out on to scenes of blackened ruin and skeleton desolation, often starkly silhouetted against the night sky by leaping blazes. Inland, fighting, pestilence and the martyrdom of a peaceful peasant population confronted with the terrors of a ruthless and undisciplined military.

Hong Kong again, then sweltering Manila. A midnight boarding of the Pan-American Glen-Martin flying boat, the *Philippine Clipper*, 26 tons, 4,000 h.p., manned by a crew of seven, for the first lap of 1,587 miles to Guam, necessarily non-stop, as there is no land or island between Manila and Guam. Safety depends entirely on the engines and navigation. The trans-Pacific airline was surveyed from the surface in 1933, and from the air in 1935, the first flight having been made by the late Captain Edwin Musick in a Sikorsky S.42. Captain Musick and the remaining six crew subsequently perished with the *Samoa Clipper* off the Samoan Islands in December, 1937, on the second flight of the newly-inaugurated U.S.A. New Zealand service."

—LADY DRUMMOND HAY.

The author of this article, herself a fully qualified pilot, and the only woman passenger on that memorable round-the-world trip which the "Graf Zeppelin" accomplished in 1929, tells you of her recent flying experiences and of her journey by flying boat across the Pacific, from Manila to San Francisco. Here is real reading enjoyment, interesting, unusual, exciting—read it all in the January issue of "Britannia and Eve."

And, of course, there is so much more to read in the January issue of BRITANNIA and EVE

Stories

"CAPTAIN FLINT AND THE SPANISH JADE": *by James Francis Dwyer*

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